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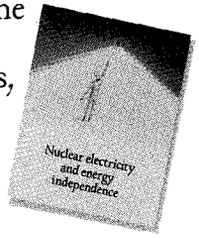

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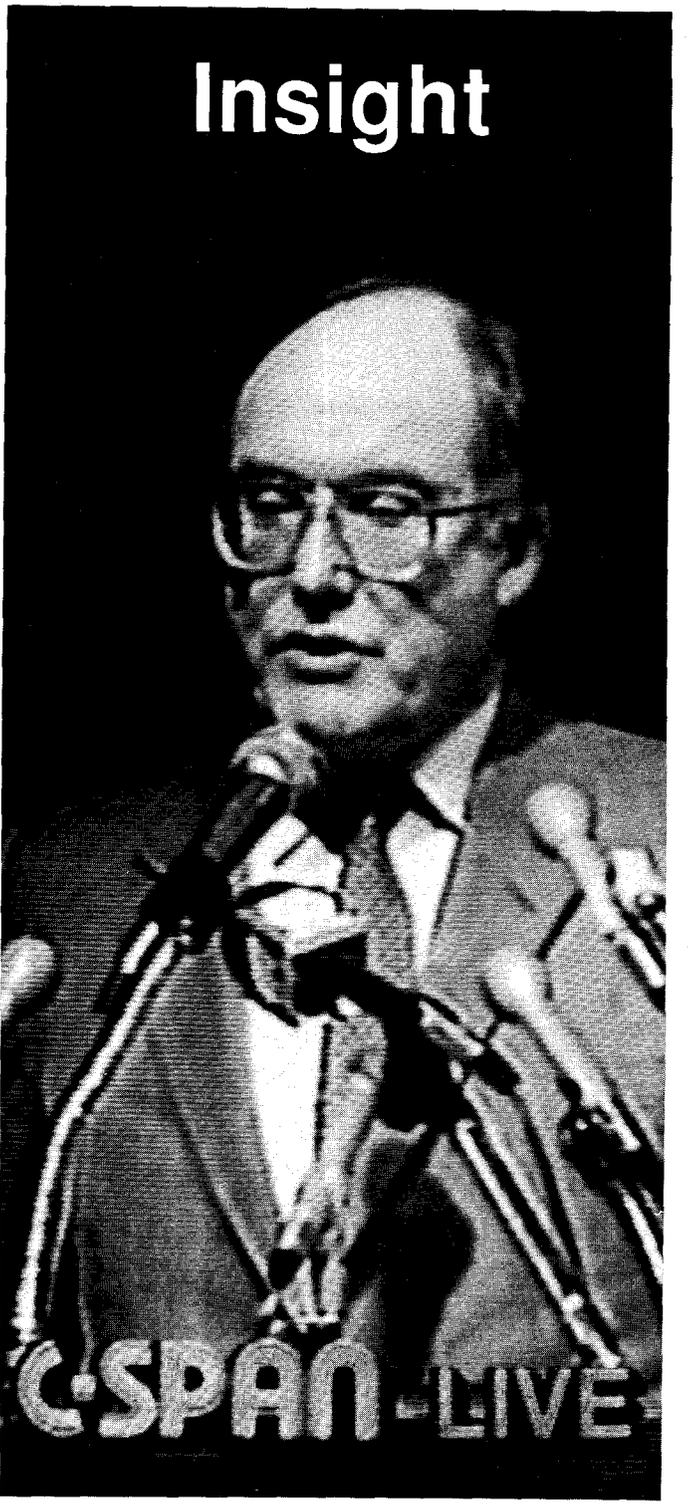

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LETTERS

Battle for the Nineties

Congratulations on publishing a clear, concise, and sensible statement in "Agenda for the Nineties" [Feb. 19]. I hope it is distributed widely—and read. Mr. Buckley's thoughts about environmentalism, big government, constitutional interpretation, the executive branch, and the academy suit me well. I especially worry over the strong-executive concept that seems to attract conservatives, particularly those who work and live in the Federal City. No one ever should park himself there for life. Why not ban the use of air conditioning in the District?

Richard A. Ware
President Emeritus
Earhart Foundation
Ann Arbor, Mich.

That's a splendid essay, "Agenda for the Nineties." I'm sorry that WFB and I have this disagreement on drugs when, as I read his piece, I am reminded of how many convictions we share and how much we agree on what deserves defense, not what deserves attack. I hope that the Nineties can see our one difference dissolve.

William Bennett
Office of National Drug Control Policy
Washington, D.C.

I was exhilarated by your "Agenda for the Nineties." Best thing *NR* has published in months. I hope it packs the punch of an interoffice memo.

Neal Freeman
Washington, D.C.

Your "Agenda for the Nineties" is excellent. Every conservative should read it, ponder it, then reread it.

David A. Keene
Washington, D.C.

The publication of the "Agenda for the Nineties" established that Bill Buckley is still the leader of the conservative movement. It is a deft and well-balanced restatement of the core conservative principles which he brought together in the founding of our movement.

A foreign policy guided by a paramount concern for the safety of the United States, a welfare policy based on federalism, volunteerism, and educational choice (even with private religious schools), in a government balanced among the branches, puts it just right. Saying that "few of the major political problems we faced are unrelated to the size, unmanageability, and roguishness of statist policies" balances the libertarian spirit nicely against the traditionalist "renewed presumption" for the doctrine of subsidiarity as a means to solve real social problems. Well done. My hat is off to the founder and the inspiration of the modern conservative movement.

Donald Devine
President
Citizens for America
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Buckley's "Agenda for the Nineties" includes insightful parameters for exploring national service in a time of great social change.

Kent Edwin Evans
State Farm, Va.

I was relieved to see Mr. William F. Buckley take a stand against trade restrictions. Trade barriers are akin to sanctions. They are penalties against a nation for beating us, fairly or otherwise, in the world market.

Paul K. Medzerian
Allentown, Pa.

Hurrah for William Buckley's "Agenda for the Nineties." May I contribute an addendum that will amplify its potential for success? Conservatives must work to end the liberals' war on human nature.

Murray Howden
Saylorsburg, Pa.

Battlin' Brits

I read Alistair Horne's extended strictures ["The Unquiet Graves of Yalta," Feb. 5] on my credibility as an historian with some bafflement. Since it is so replete with distortions as perhaps to constitute some sort of journalistic record, I am compelled to confine my response to a single salient example.

Horne concludes his lengthy sneer with these words: "In all his obsessiveness . . . Tolstoy failed to recognize one fundamental truth, nor (at least during the days when I was there) was the point ever made as forcefully as it should have been in Courtroom 13: namely, that it was not the British, but the corrupt and brutal Communist regimes of Stalin and Tito, which actually carried out the torture and executions of the wretched repatriates of 1945. This has to be where any tortuous parallel to Nuremberg breaks down."

Had Horne paid even the slightest serious attention to the court proceedings, he would be aware of a fact known to everyone else concerned: *viz.* that throughout the hearing the judge rigorously prohibited any discussion of the fate of the victims once they came to fall into the hands of their Communist persecutors. This ruling arose in consequence of admissions advanced by Lord Aldington. For my part, I had gone to enormous trouble and expense in bringing survivors of Stalin's labor camps and Tito's slaughter-pits from the other side of the globe, only to find them prevented from uttering a word about this crucial aspect of their sufferings.

To suggest therefore that it was I who sought to suppress this aspect of the evidence is surely . . . but there, I have reached the three-hundred-word limit to which you generously tell me I am restricted in my response.

Nikolai Tolstoy
Berkshire, England

Insofar as I can understand it, I cannot agree with the point Nikolai Tolstoy is making. The Yugoslav and Russian survivors brought (at such "enormous trouble and expense") to London to give evidence were permitted every opportunity to do so in court—provided it was relevant *to the case being heard. Completely unbiased legal experts to whom I have spoken since reckon that the judge, if anything, bent over backward to allow a great deal of evidence that was not, in the strictest sense, admissible. If the trial had been of the Soviet and Titoist hangmen, then the details of the facts of the unhappy "Victims of Yalta" would indeed have been most relevant. But this was not the case being heard.*

What I imagine must have been, quite rightly, in Judge Davies's mind, was that to permit hearing of the atrocious details of torture and brutality could only have inflamed the jurors' emotions *towards the plaintiff, Lord Aldington, rather than addressing their* reason.

As regards the slur that I failed to pay "the slightest serious attention to the court proceedings," let me tell your readers that I actually sat in the courtroom

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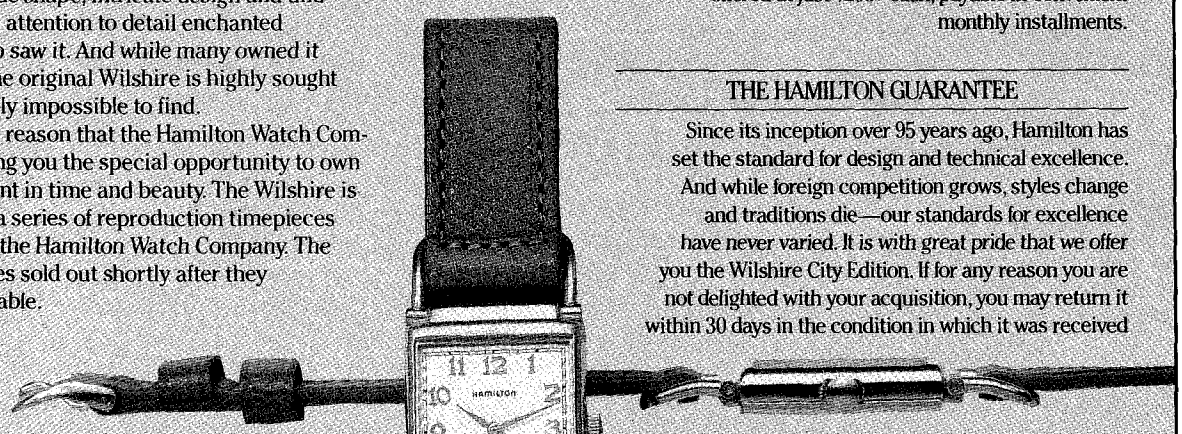

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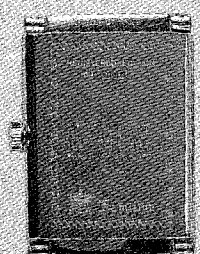

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throughout the whole of Mr. Tolstoy's evidence, and I can honestly say that I have never in my life heard a more outrageous and despicable libel—not only of the living Lord Aldington, but also of the dead Harold Macmillan—repeated so constantly and without the least remorse, even when fundamental errors in his evidence were accepted by the defendant. As I said in my account of the trial, it must have been this last factor which persuaded the jury to award such punitive damages against Mr. Tolstoy and his associate.

Mr. Tolstoy certainly had a case to be heard, that a wicked war crime had been committed; but his error all along was in ill-advisedly aiming at the wrong targets. Here is the dividing line between a polemicist and a historian. —*AH*

Battling Cato

Cato's comments about UNESCO in "Off the Record" [Jan. 22] are certainly "off the record"; in fact, they are off the scale of reality.

A bit of latitude is understandable in columns such as this one—chatty, gossipy, informal—but there still should be some contact with the reality of events. Unfortunately, there is little.

The piece alleges that UNESCO asked Barbara Bush "to do a commercial for its literacy campaign," and added that the White House refused when it learned of "comments by UNESCO workers" that the First Lady had been invited because she had "the right combination of influence and fuzzy-mindednes."

Reality is that the "commercial" was a 14-minute videotape shown to a distinguished audience of diplomats, children, and educators at the official launching, December 6, 1989, of the United Nations International Literacy Year, of which UNESCO is the lead UN agency. The video showed programs in action teaching some of the world's 965 million illiterates to read and write. It also features statements about the vital importance of literacy from world figures such as President Bhutto of Pakistan, President Aquino of the Philippines, and President Arias of Costa Rica.

Mrs. Bush had been invited to make a similar statement because of her acknowledged leadership of literacy efforts in the U.S. The formal invitation from UNESCO was sent through the proper diplomatic channel of the U.S. Observer Mission at UNESCO Headquarters in Paris. Most certainly, no such remarks concerning Mrs. Bush were contained in this invitation or made by any UNESCO officials ("workers," says Cato) connected with the project.

"On the record," so to speak, UNESCO has only the highest regard for Mrs. Bush, her work, and for the work of the literacy foundation which bears her name. In the reply from Mrs. Bush, transmitted to UNESCO by the U.S. Observer Mission, the First Lady graciously declined the invitation because of her schedule, but said "it may be possible to participate by video or letter or in person" in the "World Conference on Education for All," scheduled for Bangkok in early March, of which UNESCO is a prime sponsor.

Unfortunately, the rest of the column contains similar loose charges and playing with the facts. The U.S. is said to have withdrawn from UNESCO "because of fraud, scandal, and dubious politics." There were, indeed, severe criticisms by the U.S. Government but none of such a distorted nature was made in the official U.S. notification to UNESCO nor in discussions thereafter. The column asserts that UNESCO was "devoted to the personal enrichment of M'Bow" (Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, then–Director-General), when neither investigations by the General Accounting Office of the U.S. Congress, the Comptroller and Auditor-General of the United Kingdom (then UNESCO's external auditor), nor the Joint Inspection Unit of the United Nations, nor any other auditing unit, ever made, or ever hinted at, such a charge.

There are other belittling, snide, demeaning, and unsubstantiated charges and major omissions. For instance, the head of a United Nations Association/U.S.A. panel which studied UNESCO exhaustively for a year and then issued a thorough report is identified simply as "Robert T. Stafford." The reader is not informed that Stafford is the distinguished and highly respected former Republican senator from Vermont and that the blue-ribbon panel he chaired unanimously recommended that the U.S. rejoin UNESCO. These aspects are very distressing, but there is an even greater basic harm contained in this piece.

The Third World has maintained for years that Western media, most particularly the U.S., freely distorts news with which it is in disagreement; and that the lofty and noble principles of American journalism, founded on objectivity and fairness, are much more "honored" in the breach than in the observance.

This column, sadly, is an excellent example of their point.

Andri Isaksson
Director
UNESCO Liaison Office with the UN
New York, N.Y.

We would never have dreamed that UNESCO would have gone to such lengths to confirm our story. —*ED.*

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FROM THE EDITOR

Brickbats and a Bouquet

■ Readers of Robert Stowe England's gloomy account of the World Bank's shaky loan portfolio in this issue [p. 41] can take some comfort from the thought that things might be worse. Robert S. McNamara might still be in charge. In his day, the venerable whiz-kid was forever urging the West to help Communist and socialist regimes into a bright new dawn. Thus, in a recent *Forbes*, Sir Alan Walters, himself a former World Bank official, reveals that Mr McNamara personally insisted, over objections, on the publication of "Rumania: The Industrialization of an Agrarian Economy under Socialist Planning, A World Bank Country Study 1979."

This delightful volume should have been your constant reading. "Between 1950 and 1979," says one gripping passage, "the economy grew rapidly within the framework of comprehensive planning made possible by the state's control of major productive resources. . . ." And there's more. "According to official statistics, Social Product and National Income grew at 9.8 per cent per annum for 25 years." It sounds almost too good to be true.

Sir Alan thought so anyway. He points out that Rumania's annual per-capita income in 1975 was something between $700 and $800. So if it had been growing at almost 10 per cent annually for the previous 25 years, then in 1950 the Rumanians must all have been dead from starvation.

But why should Mr. McNamara worry about this? He remains highly regarded and widely consulted. Would it be stretching hope too far to imagine that the next time he condescends to instruct us, he might be greeted with "Tell it to the Rumanians!"

■ The news that the American Bar Association has endorsed the notion of "abortion rights" will come as no surprise to regular readers of this column. It is merely another example of O'Sullivan's Law, first adumbrated in our issue of October 27, which reads as follows: *All organizations that are not actually right-wing will over time become left-wing*. As a supposedly non-partisan professional association, the ABA was doomed.

Still, our objection should not be to the ABA's taking the wrong line on abortion, but to its taking any line at all. Lawyers and judges are there to interpret and carry out the law. Once it becomes clear that they have a party line, favoring some laws and opposing others, the general public is bound to lose faith in their integrity and impartiality. (Can you spot the deliberate error?)

■ As the controversy developed over Daniel Patrick Moynihan's alleged remark—"Why don't you go back where you came from?"—to a Jamaican-born student who had criticized America's ethnic policies, I waited curiously to see if Professor Arthur Schlesinger would intervene. An assurance from such a well-known liberal that the remark was, at worst, xenophobic would surely have quieted the academic turmoil. He could have pointed out that, in the heat of argument, anyone might give vent to such a retort. It should not be taken as indicating serious prejudice, let alone "racism."

But unless it escaped my notice, the professor remained silent. Which is a pity, because at a New York dinner party a few years back, in the heat of an argument over the relative ethical merits of Edwin Meese and Geraldine Ferraro, Professor Schlesinger told *me* to go back where I came from. Since that happens to be Liverpool, I can't help wondering if he ever said that to John Lennon.

■ For the next two issues, this column will be written by Charles Moore, editor of *The Spectator* in London, who is trading editorial places with me during March. Mr. Moore is a graduate of Cambridge and the *Daily Telegraph*. I leave you in safe hands.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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ON THE RECORD

■ Would-be Democratic presidential candidates remaining very quiet these days as **George Bush** ratings continue to soar. Market Opinion Research's monthly check of approval ratings shows Bush at 71 per cent in February (before **Violeta Chamorro**'s stunning victory in Nicaragua), down from 80 per cent in January (post-Panama), up from 66 per cent in December (post-Malta). Significantly, poll shows Bush particularly strong with 18-to-24-year-olds, and getting 54 per cent approval rating from blacks. (A *New York Times* poll shows 70 per cent of blacks approve Bush's handling of job.) . . . **George Will**, on Democratic move to push California primary ahead to March, comments: "Ideas matter more than mechanisms in politics, and no noodling around with the nuts and bolts will save the Democratic Party until it makes up its mind to have a mind." . . . Lines are drawn ideologically in Illinois March 20 primary, where establishment Republicans, from **Lee Atwater** on down, support Secretary of State **Jim Edgar** to succeed moderate GOP Gov. **James Thompson** despite Edgar's pro-choice, pro-income-tax positions. Most conservatives in state, from **Phyllis Schlafly** on down, support **Steven Baer**, a former executive of anti-tax United Republican Fund. . . . In Massachusetts gubernatorial race (convention March 10), conservative candidate **Steve Pierce** rounded up 598 delegates to 414 for former Justice aide **William Weld**. . . . In North Carolina, **John Ingram** is fourth Democrat to throw hat in senatorial ring to oppose **Jesse Helms**. (Helms, incidentally, is rather pleased with latest award from the **Susan B. Anthony** Committee, a ball and chain, given annually to the person "judged the most detrimental to woman's progress." More specifically, Helms is attacked for opposition to ERA, abortion, and affirmative action.) . . . Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee is having field day passing out contradictory statements by Rep. **Jim Courter** (R., N.J.) on abortion. Courter was pro-life until he ran (and lost) gubernatorial race against **Jim Florio** last November. Now he's vociferously pro-choice.

■ Galloping developments in Europe have seriously affected fund-raising operations in the U.S., Left and Right, reports the *New York Times*. *Nuclear Times*, bible of the peace movement, has folded. "Basically **Gorbachev** put us out of business," says former editor **Elliott Negin**. . . . **William Sloane Coffin**'s SANE/Freeze has had to cut its staff by a quarter. . . . **Paul Warnke**, **Jimmy Carter**'s chief arms negotiator, compares what the outbreak of peace has done to peace groups with what discovery of **Salk** vaccine did to March of Dimes. . . . On the right: The American Security Council has lost half its members, says the *Times*, and membership in **David Keene**'s American Conservative Union is down to fifty thousand from one-time high of 750,000. . . . The hard Left is responding by shifting targets to Central America and a "Get the U.S. Out of El Salvador" campaign. A monster set of demonstrations is planned in Washington, San Francisco, Austin, Tex., and Los Angeles on March 24—tenth anniversary of the murder of Salvadoran Archbishop **Oscar Romero**. All the usual suspects are involved: Nicaragua Network, SANE/Freeze, CISPES, Mobilization for Survival, Rainbow Coalition, plus new entries: **Quixote** Center/Quest for Peace, Building with the Voiceless of El Salvador, and D.C. Student Coalition against Apartheid and Racism. . . . Arrested in demonstrations, actor **Martin Sheen**, at Capitol rotunda, and **Daniel Berrigan** in New York City. . . . *TV etc.*, MediaWatch's Hollywood watchdog organization, finds filmmaker **Oliver Stone** (*Born on the Fourth of July*) going off the deep end rhetorically in recent statement: "The vandals are at the gate. We have a fascist security state running this country. . . . **Orwell** did happen. But it's so subtle that no one noticed. If I were **George Bush**, I'd shoot myself. Existentially, there's no hope. His soul is dead."

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"It says he's an egotistical, shallow, insincere little bore and if he's not careful he could end up with his own talkshow."

■ Attention conservatives: Keynote speaker at Landrum Society's March 23–24 meeting (Four Seasons Hotel, Austin, Tex.) will be **Russell Kirk**. Subject: "Public Education with an Emphasis on Choice." For info contact Professor **M. E. Bradford**, University of Dallas, or columnist **William Murchison**, *Dallas Morning News*. . . . Former *NR* publisher and experienced South Africa traveler **William A. Rusher** will lead 14-day excursion to South Africa (May 4 to May 18). For info write or call Prestige Tours & Travel, 125 Elm St., New Canaan, Conn. 06840; 203-972-6339. . . . On campus front, *Claremont Independent* (ASPC Office, Pomona College, Claremont, Calif. 91711) is up and running, first conservative student-run publication at Claremont. And the *Dartmouth Review* has elected **Kevin Pritchard**, a black student, editor-in-chief.

■ When the **Richard M. Nixon** Library opens this spring in Yorba Linda, California, it will include a sixty-foot-long Watergate Room complete with *son et lumière* show featuring Watergate break-in and White House cover-up conversations.

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THE WEEK

■ And now—a desk for Dan Ortega at the Kennedy School?

■ Imagine the scene in the comfortable book-lined library of the Nomenklatura Club in downtown Moscow. Members are snoozing after lunch, playing a quiet game of chess, leafing through back numbers of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* and *Time* magazine. A new member enters the room—which at once empties as apparatchiks remember pressing appointments and KGB controllers flee to their wives. The last time they were trapped by him, it meant a five-hour lecture on the socialist morality of sugar quotas. Yes, it is Fidel Castro, reduced by the 1990 Cuban revolution to being the club bore of the Comintern. Better perhaps to be hanged by the heels from a lamp-post in Havana's Revolutionary Square.

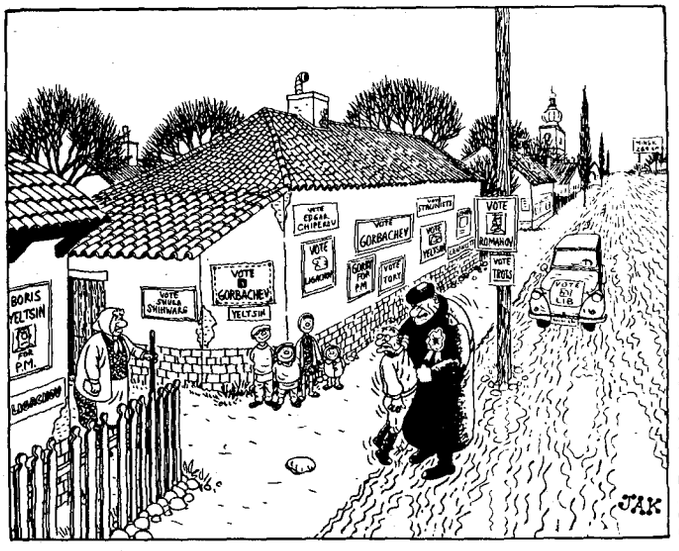
■ Incidentally, how many times does the god have to fail before the church—not to mention the Church—takes notice?

■ In Nicaragua it turns out that Danny Ortega was more fair than former President Jimmy Carter. Originally the delegation sponsored by the Carter Presidential Center that was sent to monitor the elections—using $400,000 in U.S. taxpayer money—was supposed to be bipartisan. True enough, the number of congressmen on the trip was evenly split between Democrats and Republicans, but when it came to the critical matter of staff, it was 6 to 2 in favor of Democrats. Sources say that Bob Pastor, the Carter Center's Latin American expert, wasn't even going to allow the two GOP staffers until House Republicans turned up the heat. Maybe we need an observation team to observe the observers.

■ The House of Representatives has voted by a large margin (289 to 132) to render voter registration a lot easier in federal elections, by, among other things, allowing registration at the time of receiving or renewing a driver's license. The fate of such legislation in the Senate remains unclear, and even its constitutionality is in doubt. Nor is it evident that low voter turnout means a flawed democracy. There are many reasons for not voting, and they range all the way from contentment to despair. Philosophically, it is not obvious that voting should be as easy as possible. Furthermore, it is plausibly said that eased registration requirements might lead to statistically significant fraud. This is legislation for which no need has been demonstrated.

■ The American Bar Association's House of Delegates has voted 238 to 106 for a resolution opposing "governmental action that interferes with the confidential relationship between a pregnant woman and her physician, or with the decision to terminate the pregnancy at any time before the fetus is capable of independent life." ABA President Stanley Chauvin, who fought the resolution, insisted that it "does not mean that the ABA is suddenly in favor of abortion. It means the ABA says that until such time during the period of pregnancy that the fetus is not viable, it is a matter between a woman and her physician. There's a subtle difference there." There certainly is: so subtle it eluded a Washington lawyer, Estelle Rogers, who rejoiced that the ABA "endorses choice." The ABA's treasurer and several other delegates construed it the same way, and resigned. The only point the resolution makes is a crude one: most of the delegates favor legal abortion. If it were a constitutional principle, the ABA would presumably have realized it *before* the Supreme Court discovered that all fifty states were legislating unconstitutionally in the matter. Instead, the ABA has only belatedly endorsed the Court's coup de main.

■ Now that a federal judge in Seattle has struck down the Flag Protection Act of 1989 (a ruling that will almost surely be sustained by the Supreme Court since it upholds the reasoning of *Texas* v. *Johnson*), Congress will have to decide how to safeguard the Stars & Stripes from future desecration. There are three alternatives: amend the Constitution, ignore the issue, or remove flag-burning from



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"It's all right, Babushka, he's just canvassing on behalf of the Soviet Liberal Party."

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the Court's jurisdiction. For several reasons, the first two options are politically undesirable; the third is as attractive as it is obscure. Article III, Section 2, paragraph 2 of the Constitution ends with this sentence: "In all other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, *with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make* [emphasis added]." In other words, Congress may pass a law identical to its 1989 legislation, but with the added stipulation that the Court shall henceforth be prohibited from ruling on cases of flag-burning. Congress has not asserted itself in this way for more than a century, but the time has come to do so again. What better way to enact the will of the people—and to remind the Court that its own tyranny is even less acceptable than the tyranny of the majority.

■ There they go again. The latest "nonpartisan" study on capital gains, this one by the Joint Committee on Taxation, finds that President Bush's proposed tax cut would reduce revenues by $11.4 billion over a six-year period. Some may recall that in the late Seventies a Treasury Department study similarly warned that cutting rates would reduce tax receipts. Yet in 1978 the top capital-gains tax rate was slashed from 49.1 per cent to 28 per cent, and revenues leaped 44 per cent between 1977 and 1979. In 1982 capital-gains tax rates were cut again—to 20 per cent—setting off a sustained rise in revenues which was halted (along with the bull market) only after the tax rate was pushed back up to 28 per cent in 1987. As with the earlier study, this latest one ignores the real-world evidence (which favors tax cuts) by creating a world of its own, where lower tax rates are assumed to have no effect whatsoever on economic growth, debt-equity ratios, venture capital, investment, savings, or even prices of stocks and bonds. The Joint Committee's study also perpetuates the myth about capital gains being the province of the wealthy by counting the gains realized as part of the taxpayers' incomes. In the great majority of cases, of course, capital gains are non-recurring events: people with large capital gains in one year are apt to have decidedly smaller incomes in the years both before and after. Bad economic assumptions plus bad accounting equals bad policy, even in the city where one plus one often equals three.

■ Finding the task of upholding U.S. interests insufficiently challenging, the Senate is deliberating whether to designate April 24 a day of remembrance of the "Armenian Genocide of 1915-1923." The resolution is being sponsored by the usually sensible Robert Dole, who wants to make a point ("Genocide is genocide, whomever it may happen to") that is abstractly unexceptionable but concretely gratuitous, offending a friendly country, Turkey, to appease an ethnic lobby at home. We sympathize, as all decent people must, with the sufferings of the Armenian people in this and earlier centuries—and, indeed today. But Turkey has the support of independent scholars in questioning the term "genocide," with its implicit comparison with the Nazi holocaust, to describe events in a war in which many thousands of Turks were also killed. Historical judgments like these are best left for historians to dispute rather than given to politicians to settle by majority vote. Not even the U.S. Senate can legislate history.

■ It was an emotional moment at Voice of America headquarters in Washington last week when Czech president Vaclav Havel interrupted his busy schedule to meet and embrace writers and broadcasters from the Czech-language service, many of whose voices were familiar to him from long years of listening to VOA. "The part you played in the revolution was very real," he told them. Two weeks earlier Lech Walesa had said much the same when asked about Radio Free Europe's role in Poland's liberation. "What is the earth without the sun?" he told Steve Forbes, head of the Board for International Broadcasting. Without RFE, said Walesa, Solidarity would not have existed. Years earlier, shortly after his exile, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn had lyrically evoked "the mighty non-military force which resides in the airwaves and whose kindling power in the midst of Communist darkness cannot even be grasped by the Western imagination." Such encomiums should blunt the enthusiasm of D.C. budget-cutters who are asking whether the Voice and the surrogate radios shouldn't be cut back with the waning of the cold war. The answer is a resounding No.

■ In the current upheavals, some Eastern Europeans are looking at Sweden as a role model. They should look more closely. Although Sweden is mostly capitalist, despite government ownership of 10 per cent of stock-market assets, the burden of the welfare state has weakened initiative. The economy is plagued with chronic absenteeism, unwillingness to

Hope Springs Eternal

Ortega's saying "Adios"
And didn't even come in close,
Reviving hopes that Castro, too,
Will wash out with a good shampoo,
But in the House, where Democrats
Sit on their seats like happy cats,
The change is glacial as the ice
That slides among the edelweiss.

W. H. VON DREELE

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work full-time, and an exodus of capital, talent, and skilled labor. Even formerly successful private companies are falling behind, with Volvo compelled to merge with Renault, and Saab likewise seeking a foreign bailout. Taxes are the highest in the West, at 55.8 per cent of gross output, but because output has languished the high tax rates do not collect much. Sweden does plan to cut the top tax rate to 60 per cent in 1991, down from 72 per cent last year and 87 per cent in 1980, but this is too little and too late. The rate of economic growth in Sweden has been only slightly higher than the pathetic 1 per cent pace claimed by Eastern Europe over the past five years. Real after-tax wage rates for Swedish industrial workers fell by 0.6 per cent in the 1980s, according to the Swedish research group Ekonomifakta, compared with increases of 1.9 per cent in Japan and 2.6 per cent in the United States. After-tax incomes of engineers in the U.S. are twice as high as those in Sweden. Inflation in Sweden over the past year was nearly 7 per cent, and interest rates are close to 16 per cent. In groping for a way out of severe stagflation, Eastern Europe does not need to emulate economies with a milder case of the same disease.

■ Great Britain became the first major power to begin lifting its sanctions against South Africa in the wake of Nelson Mandela's release. Since President De Klerk has "taken his political life into his hands," Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd said at a meeting of the European Community, "it's really not enough to sit back and say, 'That's encouraging. Let's see what you do next.' " The Bush Administration thinks it's enough, though. "I'm bound by the law," Bush explained, echoing Mario Cuomo on abortion. He has added that he will take the question of sanctions up with Mandela and with De Klerk when each of them comes visiting. Well, that's fine. Even finer would be a preliminary display of moral clearsightedness, in recognition of the lengths to which De Klerk has gone—and in the interest of doing all we can to ensure that the economic growth that is indispensable to peaceful political change in South Africa is not halted by sanctioneering in the United States.

■ The New York City tabloids would always prefer lighting a scandal to cursing the darkness, and they've found a sizzler in the Trump divorce. Liz Smith, the *Daily News* gossip columnist, scooped the opposition by breaking the story, but the *New York Post* outdid itself in its effort to catch up: one day its front page (the whole thing) featured the news that the Other Woman had found Donald Trump the best lover ever, and the next day's front page (the whole thing) featured the news that the previous day's headline was apparently baseless. Newspapers of less integrity tend to bury their corrections. Only one feature of this amply covered case seems to us to warrant further comment: Mrs. Trump is challenging the prenuptial contract under which she is entitled, in the event of divorce, to $20 million, plus the couple's Connecticut house. Leaving the Other Woman aside, the advent of this sort of prenuptial contract has always struck us as a bad augury for the institution of matrimony, which surely ought not to be founded on so contingent, not to say mistrustful, a calculation. If a court should overturn the contract, it will be hard to say whether something of the dignity of marriage has been restored, or simply whether *any* institution remains sacred.

■ We don't usually cover prizefighting, but . . . "No man on earth can beat me"—Mike Tyson. "I put my faith in Jesus Christ"—James "Buster" Douglas. Douglas by a knockout in the tenth.

Nicaragua Goes for Reagan

NICARAGUANS will have to re-learn the words of their national anthem. For the last ten years they have been singing the Sandinista anthem, a deformed version, with its famous line about the "Yankee enemies of humanity." No longer. The first public act of Violeta Chamorro after her landslide victory on Sunday was to sing the old anthem at the top of her voice. She then announced, radiantly, that "Nicaragua is a republic once again."

Provisional results give Mrs. Chamorro's United Opposition an absolute majority of 55 per cent, compared to 41 per cent for the Sandinista Front. It appears that the Front failed to win a single city. Mrs. Chamorro did best among the poor and barefoot, carrying the peasantry by a crushing margin. The irony is delicious. In the ruins of downtown Managua the Sandinistas have erected a cast-iron statue of "El Proletario" holding an AK-47 assault rifle in the air, with the inscription "Only the workers and peasants have got what it takes." Quite so.

Shortly before the election the *Washington Post* and ABC News published a poll giving the Sandinistas a 16-point lead. They employed a group of Nicaraguan ex-Trotskyists, Itztani, to do the door-to-door polling, sending them out to interrogate citizens who have learned how to dissemble during a decade of repression by the block captains of the Front.

The propaganda of the Sandinistas was all too effective. For months they have been using the state media monopoly to discredit Violeta Chamorro as a puppet of the United States. It seems they succeeded. Nicaraguans now consider her coalition, UNO, to be the party of the Americans. They did not vote for her in spite of this. They voted for her because of it. Nicaraguans want an end to the Contra war, the economic blockade, and the pointless quarrel with the

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United States. Last Sunday they voted massively for rapprochement.

American policy in Nicaragua has worked. The Contras have been vindicated. Only the threat of escalated war forced the Sandinistas to accept open elections, which then spun out of control. Should the Sandinistas try to annul the vote at this stage they would be totally isolated and would face a full-scale civil war. President Ortega has promised to accept the verdict of the election. He has no choice. The Sandinistas hope to hold on to power indirectly, through the army. But the scale of their defeat is so devastating that even military power is likely to slip through their fingers.

An earthquake has changed the political landscape of the region. Soon there will be five elected conservative governments in Central America, exactly what the Reagan Administration had in mind when it joined the fray nine years ago. The Left is crushed. It is only a matter of time, perhaps no more than a few months, before the guerrillas in El Salvador and Guatemala begin to disintegrate. Cuba too will fall. The mystique that fuels the revolutionary movements of Latin America is close to extinction.

Calling the Nicaraguan Election

NOT SINCE the *Literary Digest* told us that Alf Landon would win the 1936 election have the media so completely blown a major political event. Some samples (with thanks to the Media Research Center):

"For the Bush Administration and the Reagan Administration before it, the [ABC News/*Washington Post*] poll hints at a simple truth: after years of trying to get rid of the Sandinistas, there is not much to show for their efforts."—Peter Jennings, ABC News.

"NBC's Ed Rabel reports on a real irony: the United States may help [Ortega] win."—Tom Brokaw, NBC News.

"Polls won't close here for another thirty minutes, but the widespread thinking that the Sandinistas will prevail has shifted thinking far beyond the ballot box."—Ed Rabel, NBC News.

"I'll bet you all of his [Ortega's] manipulations don't help him as much as our invasion of Panama."—Carl Rowan, columnist.

"Every independent poll shows him far ahead."—Forrest Sawyer, ABC News.

"Almost certainly, the Sandinistas will still win."—Ted Koppel, *Nightline*.

But NBC and Tom Brokaw did not despair at Mrs. Chamorro's victory. Mr. Brokaw rushed to assure us that Daniel Ortega, though out, was not down. He might well be back some day.

Watch for stories on how Mrs. Chamorro stole the election.

A Funny Thing Happened

As Mr. Cuomo's White House bug
  Began to itch like mad
And buddies sidled up to plug
  A favorite TV ad,
The rating services advised
  His deficits are such
That if the budget's not down-sized
  The campaign's going Dutch.

W. H. VON DREELE

Education Goals—and Tolls

AFTER MUCH pushing and hauling, the governors and the White House have settled on six education goals for the nation. Previewed by President Bush in one of the less stirring segments of his State of the Union message, they were unanimously adopted at the winter meeting of the National Governors' Association. (The chief negotiators were Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton and White House domestic kingpin Roger Porter. Education Secretary Lauro Cavazos, as usual, was about as actively involved as the carpet in Porter's office.)

The goals themselves are laudable, in the sense that if we achieved them our schools—and our kids—would be the envy of the industrial world instead of its laughing-stock. Goal three, for example, says: "By the year 2000, American students will leave grades four, eight, and 12 having demonstrated competency over challenging subject matter, including English, mathematics, science, history, and geography." Not bad. Sure, it begs some tough questions, such as the meaning of "competency" and "challenging," the mode of demonstration, and the sticky issue of who chooses the subject matter. Granted, too, this goal—like the other five—conveniently spans the whole decade, by the end of which neither Bush nor most governors now serving will be in office. But if we're to have education goals, this one is sound.

So are those having to do with drug-free schools, dropouts, and literate adults. There's one about our kids leading the world in science and math, however, that is so wishful nobody will take it seriously, and one about youngsters starting school "ready to learn" that will be interpreted as a mandate to shift ever more responsibility for child-rearing to the state. The fruits of Messrs. Porter and Clinton's labors are not all sweet. Still, our stalled efforts to move the educa-

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tion system are apt to be more successful if we have a clearly defined destination.

Moments after Mr. Bush outlined them, however, the goals were kidnapped and held for ransom by the Democrats and the education establishment. Beginning that night with Speaker of the House Tom Foley, every time an educator or a congressman opened his mouth this message emerged: "We won't take your goals seriously until and unless you put a heap of extra federal dollars on the table."

The implication, of course, is that progress in education is something bought with public money rather than personal effort. And that is false. But what is more contemptible is that the educrats and democators thereby staked out an excuse, ten years ahead of time, for not achieving these (or any other) goals. And in so doing they signaled to everyone that they don't even intend to try. They were telling the governors and President that if you want to cross the education bridge, you must pay a fat toll. It's money they care about, not whether children learn.

Ev'ry Heart Beats True For the Red, Gold, and Black

THE POPULARITY that German reunification enjoys between the Rhine and the Oder is, to put it mildly, not universally shared. Poland's Solidarity Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki went so far as to hope that Soviet troops would stay in his country until the Polish–German border was guaranteed. Richard Helms, reflecting foreign-policy-establishment opinion in this country, called reunification a "runaway freight train that nobody—East or West—seems able to contain." Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze warned of "sinister shadows" of the past, which A. M. Rosenthal—normally no fan of Communist bureaucrats—called "a brave suggestion."

The first thing to note about all of this is that the nation which put itself in the hands of Wilhelm II and Adolf Hitler has earned the fear of its neighbors,

RIGHT DATA

Japan's Saving Graces

NUMEROUS STUDIES have tried to explain why Japanese households routinely save 15 to 18 per cent of their after-tax income while Americans save only 3 to 5 per cent. Tax incentives are prominently mentioned.

Under the *maruyu* ("tax free") system, which was in effect for most of the postwar period, interest income from savings accounts was completely tax-exempt and available to savers without limitation. Largely for this reason, the average Japanese household had $66,000 in savings in 1988, about ten times the American average. (By comparison, the Bush Administration's Family Savings Plan would limit the tax exemption to interest on $2,500 of savings each year, and require a seven-year waiting period for withdrawal.) Although a 1988 tax reform limited the *maruyu* system to individuals 65 or older, the handicapped, and families headed by women, widespread tax evasion reportedly keeps as much as 70 per cent of all Japanese personal savings tax-free.

Capital gains, for years not taxed at all, have been subject to a 20 per cent tax since April 1989. However, investors have the option of waiving the capital-gains tax in favor of paying a 1 per cent tax on the entire transaction. Dividends need not be declared on income-tax returns provided they do not exceed Y500,000 (about $3,500) from a single corporation.

Neither mortgage nor credit-card interest is deductible. Japanese banks normally require mortgage down-payments of 25 to 33 per cent of the purchase price, compared to the 10 to 20 per cent typically required by banks in the United States. Nearly half of Japan's personal savings rate is attributable to home down-payments, according to a McKinsey & Co. analysis.

The impact of Japan's system of lifetime employment is less clear. Other things being equal, one would expect that workers guaranteed a job and predictable salary increases over their entire careers would save less, since the rainy-day motive is largely absent. But the mandatory retirement age for most "lifetime" jobs is 55. Private pensions are usually paid out either as a lump sum or as an annuity lasting for a fixed period, usually about ten years. The resulting uncertainty provides a powerful incentive to save during the working years, as well as to take a second job after "retirement."

Are cultural differences responsible for the savings gap between the U.S. and Japan? This argument conveniently overlooks the fact that high savings rates are relatively new to Japan. During the fifty years prior to World War II, Japan's gross savings rate averaged 11.7 per cent of its GNP, while the comparable figure for the United States was about 19 per cent. Japan's postwar savings boom was motivated by a desire to rebuild the capital stock damaged by the war, and although the savings rate continued rising long after the damage was repaired, it appears to have peaked. Since hitting 23 per cent in 1974, the personal savings rate has drifted downward, reaching 15 per cent in 1988. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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however mischievous many of the current fear-mongers may be. The second thing to note is that all the fear in the world won't keep the two Germanies from coming together. East Germany has psychologically ceased to exist. Helmut Kohl, Willy Brandt, and other West German pols campaign there as if they were in Hanover or Munich. German reunification *is* happening, and only those who support it can hope to have a say in its eventual shape.

But the new Germany, and the new Europe in which it will inevitably bulk large, must be structured in such a way as to allay the two fears of non-Germans: fears of military aggression and of economic domination. No reasonable person expects Reichspresident Kohl to embark on wars of conquest, and all reasonable people want and expect treaties guaranteeing the present Polish border, and a German no-nukes pledge. But treaties, as the Locarno Pact showed, are paper, and who knows what sort of German politician may appear down the road?

A "neutralized" Germany—a common Soviet buzzphrase—would be worse than useless. The last thing we want is a Germany hanging, like forgotten laundry on a line, between East and West. The best remedy is to keep Germany in NATO, with a quorum of American troops in Germany. A continuing American presence would be a symbol of American commitment to the status quo, providing Germany with a cultural and psychological anchor to the West. Americans should stay even after the Soviets have gone. There might be a transitional period in which Soviet units remained in the former GDR, even though the entire country would be a NATO power. But the Soviets must see that we are better guarantors of their security in the long run than they are themselves in their present and future enfeebled state.

The ideal counterweight to German economic might also involves American power, but the economic means of projecting it is free trade. Those who look to Brussels as Europe's next Rome imagine that an economically rambunctious Germany could be kept in check by the European Community. But a Germany accounting for 40 per cent of the Community's gross national product would obviously dominate such a structure, rather than be dominated by it. A German-dominated Europe, tempted to protect its high-cost industry by tariffs, would give U.S. demagogues like Dick Gephardt their best excuse for circling the economic wagons.

German economic power can only be constrained effectively by free trade in the widest possible free market. We would like to see a "Europe" that stretches from Poland and Hungary initially to Connemara, subsequently all the way west to the Pacific. A North Atlantic Free Trade Area would be the economic equivalent of NATO plus Eastern Europe. Built on free competition rather than bureaucratic regulation, it would be the largest market and greatest alliance of free nations in history. And it would be too vast and diverse for any one nation to dominate. Just as, in 1949, American military power rescued Europe from Soviet domination, so today U.S. economic strength can protect France, Britain, Italy, and the smaller EC countries from German domination. As Clemenceau might put it: Europe is too important to be left to the Europeans.

Cost-Free Calumny

ANDY ROONEY may be back on the job at *60 Minutes* ahead of schedule, thanks to public reaction in his favor. No sooner had CBS caved in to a campaign by a gay lobbying group to get Rooney—albeit on a racism rap, the charge of homophobia having proved insufficient—than it was deluged with thousands of letters and calls running 90 per cent in Rooney's favor.

Even if Rooney gets his job and salary back, he has undergone a humiliation that disgraces his employers more than him. What is more portentous is that the casual ascription of bigotry has become a routine part of American life, with little protest from liberals who love to tell chilling stories of the dark days of McCarthyism. Most recently, Vassar College has been disrupted by protests against the "racism" of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who allegedly suggested to a disgruntled Jamaican that she go back where she came from. Such a remark (even if Moynihan made it) is anyway not racist but mildly xenophobic, bad manners rather than a crime against humanity. It invites the retort of "You're another," rather than Vassar's full-court psychodrama.

Without challenging the quasi-official mythology of the Fifties, it can be noted that Joe McCarthy at least made charges of objective behavior which, when he failed to support them to general satisfaction, cost him his career and, even posthumously, his reputation. No such penalty adheres to baseless charges of bigotry. On the contrary, the accusations usually work. When they don't, the accusers suffer no loss of power or credit. The Rooney episode was a net gain for the "gay rights" lobby, which has every incentive to carry on with defamation of its opponents.

Malcolm Forbes, R I P

ONE MONTH AGO Malcolm Forbes was my guest on *Firing Line*, which program I had designated to explore "the difference between pride and exhibitionism." Within five minutes I had privately concluded that a) Malcolm Forbes was going to feign innocence of that distinction; or b) in fact he *was* in-

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nocent of the distinction. I incline to the latter explanation. Nobody ever said that Malcolm Forbes was less than very bright, but he was also an innocent.

And he was this in a way this (casual) friend found both endearing and defensible. Last fall he published a book in which he recounted, in effervescent text and voluptuous photography, the narrative of his secular passions. There the reader could see dozens of pictures of his sons growing up. Or linger over his collection of Fabergé eggs. He would tell you why he thought motorbikes the supreme means of travel. On the ground. Another chapter describes the supreme means of traveling in the air, which is by balloon. Another, the incomparable pleasure of traveling by sea, preferably on his private yacht, which had just completed a trip around the Pacific Ocean. And his excitement over the splendor of Fiji and his home there yields only to the need to describe the beauties and comforts and allure of his home in Tangiers, which however had to make room for descriptions of the wonders of his estate in New Jersey and, by the way, his ranch in Colorado. I last spotted him on CNN a few days before he died (he was preparing to go to London to take part in a bridge tournament). He was telling the interviewer that to retire from his job as editor of *Forbes* would be unthinkable, so much did he look forward to the work he found to do on his desk every morning.

Malcolm Forbes was engaged throughout his lifetime in what I think of as acts of requital. He was the quintessential man who could not bear to keep to himself the good joke he had just heard. If Felix Mendelssohn could have conscripted the people of Europe to his ends, in 1830, he'd have used his power to bring them the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. So it was with Forbes. His principal contribution was in minting that blend of hedonism and hard work that justifies capitalism not only as a productive mechanism, but as a vehicle for wholesome pleasures.

One recalls, too, individual exertions. I declined (out of necessity, I explained: I would be in Washington doing television, arriving back only at 7 P.M. at La Guardia) an invitation to join him and others on his yacht for dinner last spring. The telephone rang: He wanted to know just when I would touch down at La Guardia: "I'll send my helicopter for you!" The day after his party I wrote to him. "That was really very kind and thoughtful of you to look after my logistical problems yesterday with such brio. I would never have thought to trouble you to say that the television hitch would make me late if I had known that you had gathered together for this particular party the densest collection of celebrities since Truman Capote's Black & White Ball. It was all the kinder of you to organize a decathlon to make it possible for me to enjoy your company and to view your extraordinary vessel." When I accepted his offer of the helicopter ride to his boat in mid-passage, I did so absolutely secure in the knowledge that he was getting even more pleasure than I would get from the transaction—always the ideal distribution of satisfactions. You do understand about him, don't you? When you viewed his Fabergé eggs, you were doing *him* a favor. I can't think of anyone quite like him, let alone anyone who can fit in his shoes. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Thanks so much for the handsome NATIONAL REVIEW shirt. Though network rules prohibit my wearing it on the air, I do wear it proudly in my non-network life. Please allow me to return the favor with the enclosed *The Pat Sajak Show* sweatshirt.

Thanks, too, for your gift of *On the Firing Line*. I have enjoyed reliving many of the moments from that show. I do want to remind you, however, that yours is not the only television program which features provocative discussions of timely issues. I offer in evidence the following transcript of a recent show of mine featuring a thought-provoking exchange of ideas between your humble host and a Famous Hollywood Actress.

FHA: I just got back from a fake-fur rally in Santa Monica. You know, Pat, it really is appalling that anyone would wear real fur in this day and age.
PS: Well, what about the thousands of families currently making their livings in the fur industry?
FHA: They'll just have to find other jobs.
PS (*chuckling*): Maybe in the nuclear-power industry?
FHA: Pat, you know how I feel about nuclear power.
PS: I sure do.
FHA: This nuclear waste is poisoning us all. We must put these nuclear-power people out of business.
PS: But won't that mean more reliance on oil and coal?
FHA: No, no, no! We have to improve our air quality. I was talking to our two-year-old daughter, Meghan, about the environment the other day . . .
PS: She's *two* years old?
FHA: Look, that's old enough to understand that only evil men cut down trees and kill whales.
PS: I guess they'll just have to find other jobs.
FHA: Exactly! We should worry more about the environment and less about interfering in the affairs of other countries, as in Central America.
PS: Well . . . uh . . . what else have you been up to?
FHA: I'm very involved in trying to stop the destruction of the rain forests.
PS: But won't that mean interfering in the affairs of other countries?
FHA: The Greenhouse Effect is a worldwide problem. After all, who would want global warming?
PS: The homeless?
FHA: Was that a joke? Homelessness is no joke.
PS: Maybe we should talk about your new movie.

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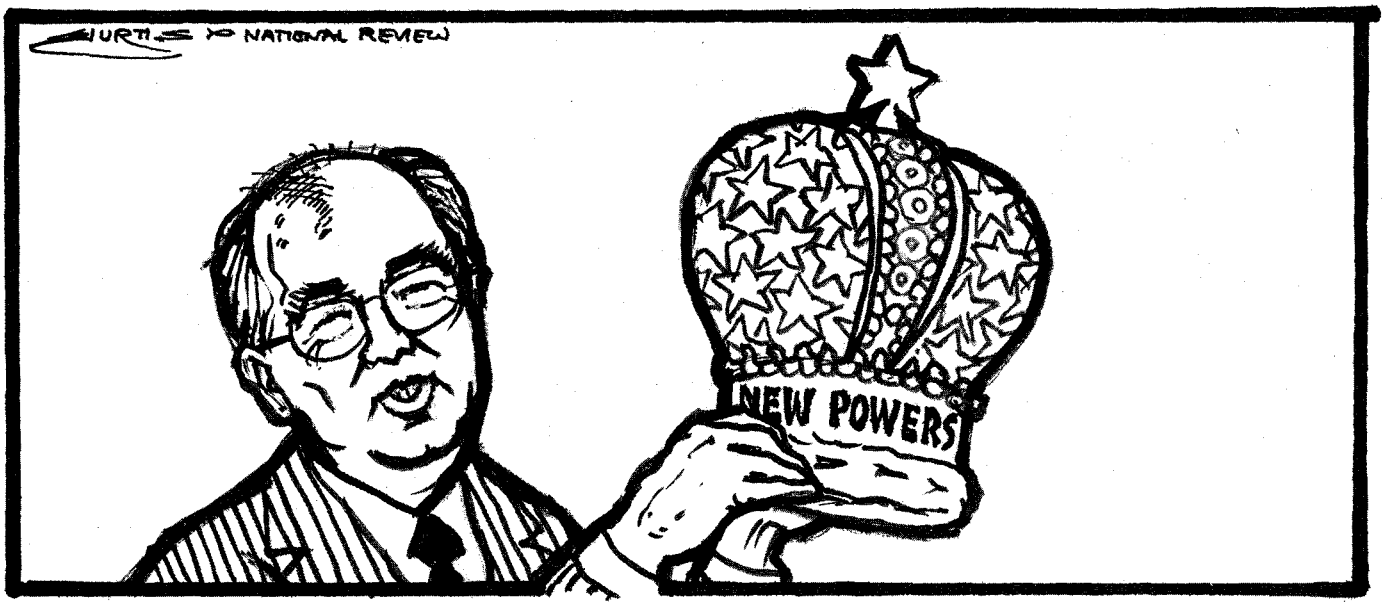

"President is spelled C-Z-A-R in Russian."

FHA: Sure. It's called *My Sister, My Lover*. It's a beautiful film about a budding sexual relationship between two grown sisters. I play the younger sister.
PS: How does little Meghan feel about your appearing in this kind of film?
FHA: Hey, I'm only an actress playing a part. Who could take that stuff seriously?
PS: Good point. (*Introduces commercial.*)

Best regards,
Pat Sajak
Encino, Calif.

Dear Mr. Sajak: You certainly rouse interest in the identity of "FHA," since it is unlikely that anybody in this part of the world is going off to see *My Sister, My Lover*. But you are wonderfully patient with your guests, more so than,

Your friend,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Curious set of circumstances the other day forced me to ask directions from a young man standing on a street corner in San Francisco. I normally press the lock button and keep the windows tight as I spirit through the streets of Baghdad by the Bay, but this particular day I was forced to stop and do business.

In any event, the young man told me I was warm but needed to go three more blocks.

"Turn right," he said, "on Noriega, then a quick but deliberate left on Ortega and you'll be even warmer."

He was right about two things, three maybe. First of all, the street-namers of San Francisco really did foresee Central American history—there truly are Noriega and Ortega streets, one right after the other. Secondly, it was impossible to go anything but left on Ortega given the one-way street I was on. And, thirdly, I felt warmer.

Perhaps George Bush ought to take the advice I got, to wit: a quick but deliberate left on Ortega. After all, as George Patton once said: "Hell, we've got the troops here to do it with!"

Warmly,
Joseph V. Russo
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Mr. Russo: Maybe this time around, democracy is growing hair on its chest and Mr. Bush can be saved the trouble. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Ed Capano

Would you please inform our readers that reprints of your Agenda for the Nineties are available at the following rates: single copy, $1; 25 copies, $20; one hundred copies, $75; bulk prices on request.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Two thoughts recently came to mind concerning the possibility of statehood for Washington, D.C.:

1. A commonly suggested name for this proposed state, New Columbia, is misspelled. With its rampant corruption, violence, and drug addiction, Sodom on the Potomac is barely distinguishable from the home of the Medellín Cartel. Therefore, shouldn't the name of this state be New *Colombia*?

2. In the event that Washington, D.C., achieves statehood, could we then declare it a terrorist state?

Respectfully,
Douglas F. Newman
Tempe, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Newman: Certainly, and why not then annex it? Virginia and Maryland would both volunteer. Cordially, **—WFB**

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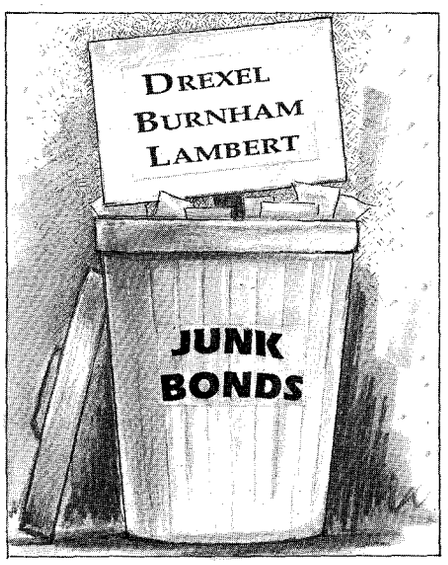
Bearing Down on Milken

DAVID FRUM



Jennifer Lawson

WALL STREET—On February 13, Drexel Burnham filed for bankruptcy, dying shortly after the market for junk bonds went into decline. It was a case of "exit—pursued by bear market."

Michael Milken, the genius behind Drexel's rise, had built the firm by selling junk bonds to investors on a simple pair of facts: because the issuers of the bonds were not considered "investment grade" by Standard & Poor's or Moody's, they paid an extra-high rate of interest; yet, historically, companies that didn't get S&P's and Moody's little gold stars were no more likely to default than the companies that did. So the extra three or four percentage points of interest that junk paid was found money.

Mr. Milken soon exhausted the ready supply of existing junk. So he created more. He discovered new companies with new ideas and products, like MCI and McCaw Cellular Communications and, for juicy fees, underwrote high-yield bonds for them. His customers gobbled this new paper just as hungrily as the old and called for more again.

Obligingly, Mr. Milken turned his attention to older, sagging companies with bloated management. In 1983, Drexel began to underwrite junk bonds for hostile takeovers of already-existing corporations. It was at this point that the entrenched interests began to howl. Corporate managers flew into Washington on the corporate jets paid for by their shareholders to demand that Congress protect them from the alleged short-sightedness of the market. Indiana enacted legislation to discourage hostile takeovers.

What did all this hubbub mean? Was America dissipating its vital energies on speculation and paper chasing? Or was a new, more vital economy coming into being? Both. Productivity grew at a faster pace in the 1980s than at any time since 1973; manufacturing productivity, at its fastest pace since World War II. No, junk bonds don't get all the credit—new technologies and deregulation also helped—but they do deserve some. The takeovers and leveraged buyouts they financed transformed the behavior of U.S. industry. Most firms operate with many fewer levels of management than they did a decade ago (consultants warn that a company with more than four persons between the janitor and the boss is a candidate for takeover) and they spend less on friveries. The booming capital markets propelled by junk-financed takeovers and leveraged buyouts welcomed innovative young companies. But as manufacturing firmed up, Wall Street got floppy. Deals began to be made merely to generate fees; share prices approached tulip-craze levels.

It was a classic case of a market success attracting new money which in turn needed new applications in which to invest, forcing prices and the market up and seeping into ever-riskier areas. And the longer it went on, the riskier it became. But Rudolph Giuliani, the ambitious U.S. Attorney for Manhattan, believed he caught at least one clear message in all the noise: He could be President if he jailed enough greedheads. He began to stalk Drexel. In 1986, he bagged his first Drexel executive, Dennis B. Levine, on insider-trading charges. Then he got Ivan Boesky. And as plea bargain followed plea bargain, Giuliani drew closer to his real target: Milken.

Mr. Milken was vulnerable because of his curious role the junk-bond market. To keep the price of junk bonds up, he needed to create a secondary market for his paper. Buyers had to be confident that they could sell, if need be. He also needed to keep the default rate down. So buyers had to be ready to renegotiate terms, if need be. He finally had to be sure that any deal he brought to market would sell out. Buyers had to be ready to swallow some pretty unappetizing stuff, if need be. The solution? Persuade everyone who wanted Drexel to sell his bonds to buy some of Drexel's other clients' bonds.

Which his clients were willing to do since, having borrowed at high rates, they needed high-yield investments to keep their cash flows healthy.

Mr. Giuliani's calculation seems to have been that Mr. Milken, and by extension Drexel Burnham, must have committed some crime in all this juggling. He therefore employed the threat of the wide-ranging anti-racketeering laws, RICO, to bargain Drexel into guilty pleas on six counts of fraud in December 1988, abandoning Mr. Milken and paying a $650 million fine. Drexel, having agreed to pay the money in order to avoid being bankrupted by RICO's pre-trial forfeiture provisions, was pushed further toward a liquidity crisis.

As the great bull market of the 1980s wore on, the junk-bond market moved into high-risk territory. Takeovers financed by junk got the stock market moving up again after the ordinary investor called it quits in October 1987—but they also inflated asset prices so radically that more of the new managements found, when they strode into their new executive suites, that they had overpaid for the com-

Mr. Frum is assistant features editor of the Wall Street Journal

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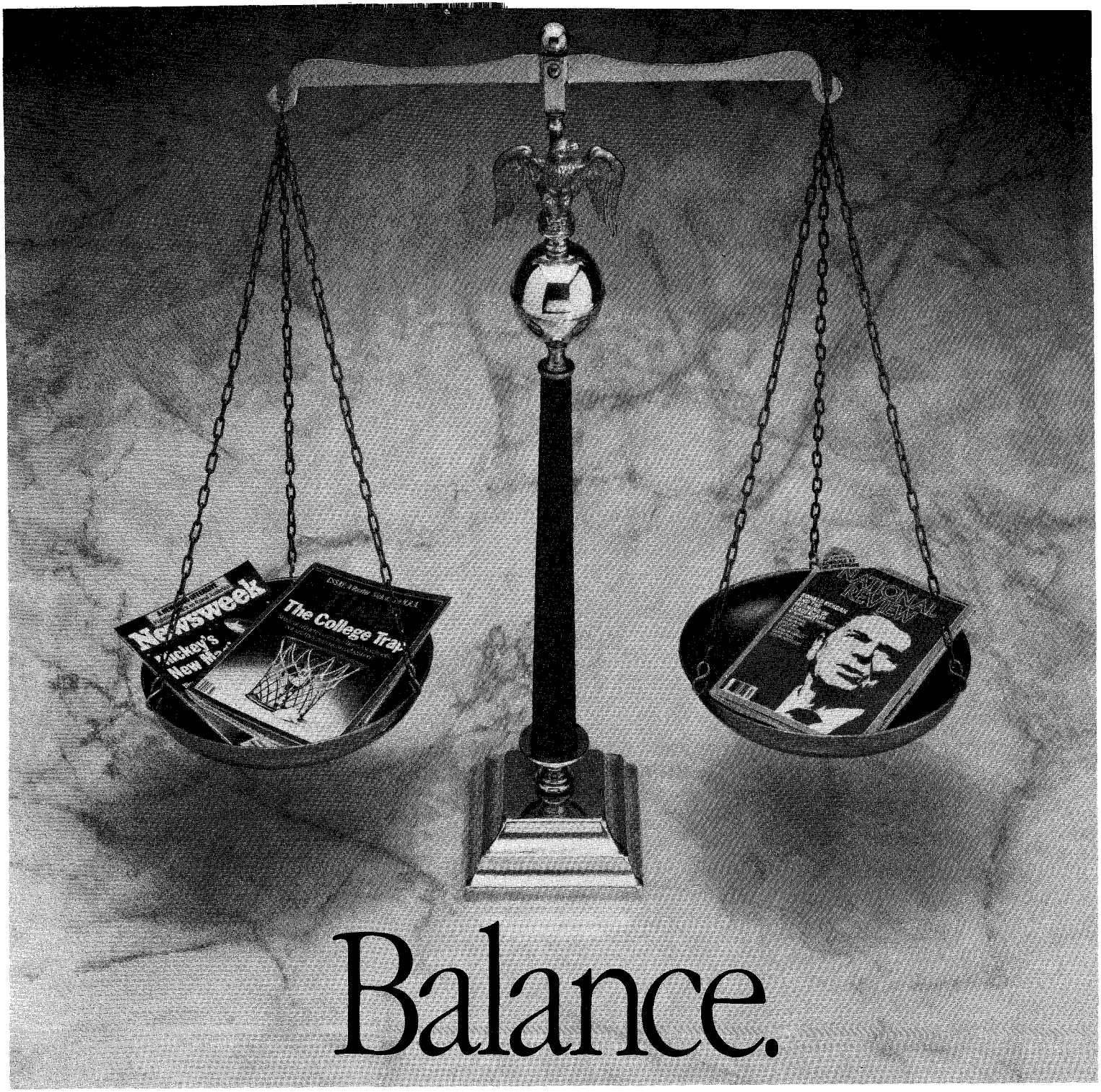

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pany and their debt charges were crippling. Milken had dreamed up more and more exotic refinancings for them: payment-in-kind bonds and zero-coupon bonds, all of which delayed the grim moment of cash settlement.

But not even his ingenuity could fight gravity forever. By 1988, more and bigger companies were defaulting: Integrated Resources, Eastern Airlines, SCI Television, Southmark, Griffin Resorts. The bonds that stopped payment altogether never amounted to more than 3 per cent of the total issued, as Drexel frequently pointed out. But Mr. Milken's clever refinancings don't show up in that 3 per cent figure. As investors grew weary of the risk, the premium on junk bonds began to rise: from five points to six and finally to nine. The saving and loans that had bought up 7 per cent of the junk began to choke on it. Scheduled new issues were postponed. Prices slipped.

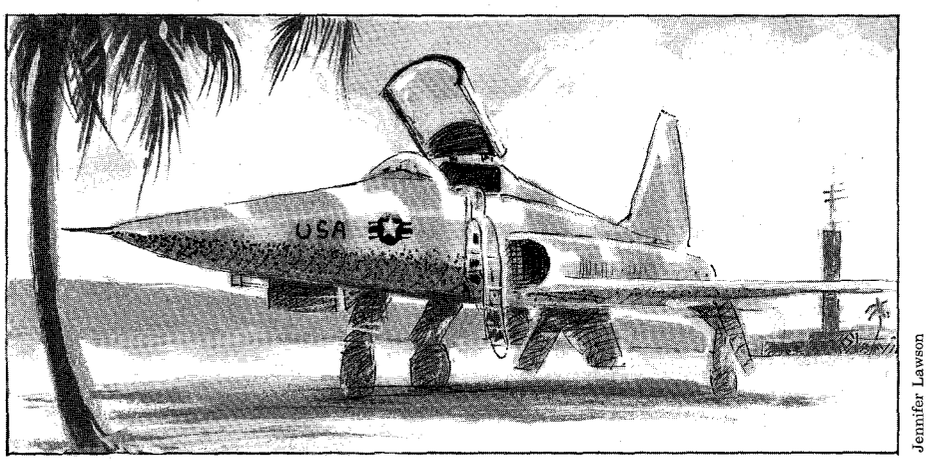
In June 1989 the junk-bond market collapsed. By October Drexel had to confess that it was unable to raise a promised $75 million for a Kohlberg, Kravis buyout. In January, the Campeau retailing empire tumbled. In February, Drexel reported its first loss. By then, the value of the junk bonds extant—more than $200 billion just six months before—had shrunk to some $150 billion, a 25 per cent average loss for junk investors.

How do junk bonds look in retrospect?

The Drexel era was one of the great creative moments in the history of American finance. Never before have new companies found it so easy to raise capital; never before had corrupt and stupid managers been less secure. But, as always, the greedy and the credulous turned a cleaver and useful innovation into first a fad and then a craze. The result was, as it always is, that sharp market correction known as a crash. In other words, what happened is exactly what advocates of open financial markets should have expected: With the usual noise, mess, and confusion, we are stumbling toward the efficient outcome. □

Pique Power

WILLIAM MCGURN



Jennifer Lawson

CLARK AIR BASE, the Philippines—As the home of the 13th Air Force, this American base has been in the thick of regional conflicts from the Korean War to Vietnam. But when two Phantom F-4 fighter-bombers lifted off from here December 1 to secure the airspace around Manila from attack by rebel Philippine officers, it was the first U.S. military intervention in an internal Philippine fight since the Military Bases Agreement (MBA) setting forth the conditions of the U.S. presence was signed back in 1951. President Bush dispatched the warplanes in response to a plea from a besieged Cory Aquino, an act that turned out to be the margin of difference in denying the coup leaders their victory.

"For me, if Cory requested some help from the Americans, why not?" says 33-year-old Luz Prisno, the busty mama-san of the Hard Rock Cafe II, just one of the dozens of concrete honky-tonks that line MacArthur Avenue outside the main entrance to Clark. "We want the Americans to stay here forever," adds 22-year-old Erlynn Canamon.

But in a place where foreign aid and Latin posturing have combined to stunt the political process, the bargirls of this Southeast Asian archipelago have a firmer grasp of the national interest than either their president, who refused to see U.S. Defense Secretary Richard Cheney during his recent visit to Manila, or their Senate, the majority of whom favor a complete U.S. withdrawal. Coming as it did just as preliminary talks on the MBA were scheduled to begin, the U.S. intervention in December made Mrs. Aquino appear weak and put Washington in a precarious position: although the people welcomed America's help, a poll showed that some 73 per cent nonetheless agreed with the grievances of the mutinous officers. Had the U.S. spilt Filipino blood the public would not be nearly so accommodating, something to remember for the next time, which Mrs. Aquino herself notes is coming soon.

Worse still, like everything else here the bases debate has been dominated by the wrong issues. For the past few years the essential disagreement between Manila and Washington has been money: the Philippines calls the millions in direct economic and military aid each year "rent" and wants more of it, lots more; the U.S., somewhat dishonestly, refuses to acknowledge that it is paying rent and instead argues from the dollar. "If Clark and Subic were foreign countries, they would be your seventh largest trading partner," U.S. envoy Nicholas Platt told one gathering here. In short, the question is the price at which the Philippines can be bought for what America will pay, little different in substance from the kind of negotiations that go on every night in the bars along MacArthur Boulevard.

The touchy situation that results may help explain President Aquino's childish refusal to see Secretary Cheney, this from a president who would see a dogcatcher from Somalia. Mrs. Aquino is said to be piqued by American complaints about a government rife with corruption, including her own relatives, and the $96-million cut in the Administration's $481 million

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request for Manila. At the same time, she knows that *glasnost* may be leaving her with a depreciating asset, inasmuch as it gives teeth to Cheney's threat of an American pullout—which would mean the loss of the Philippines' second-largest employer.

There are reports that the Soviets are packing up their MiGs from nearby Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam—their largest naval base outside the USSR. Even so, American bases here are still important. The most critical is Subic Bay, which supports the U.S. Navy in the Western Pacific and Indian Oceans; and whose perfect natural harbor, deep-water port, skilled English-speaking workforce, and strategic location would be impossible to duplicate in any other place in the region. Nevertheless, the U.S. is prepared to leave if the Philippines insists on unreasonable terms, and a recent Pentagon study concluded that in a pinch the U.S. could afford to do so. It's been a long time coming, but all this is finally having an effect on folks here.

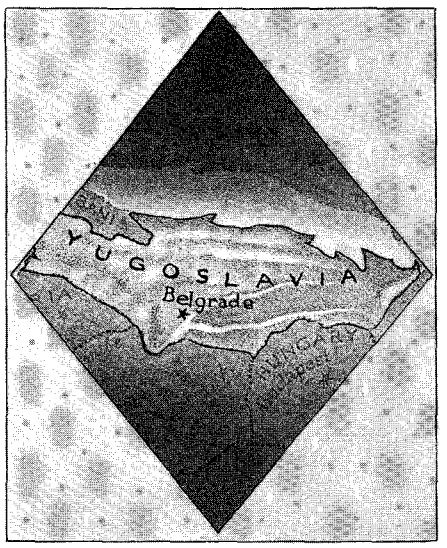
"Two years ago, the Philippine attitude was that we Americans needed the bases, that they knew how badly we needed them, and that we would therefore pay anything to keep them here," says one U.S. embassy official. "But today they are taking us seriously when we say there are limits to what we can give and that we are not going to stay if not wanted."

That's a welcome change, but it's worth Washington's while to reconsider giving any economic aid for a U.S. military presence. Of the 13 nations that play host to U.S. forces, the healthiest and most faithful allies—Germany, Korea, Japan—pay America money for support, while the worst—Greece, Spain, the Philippines—remain economic basket cases and dubious allies. Like most welfare recipients they become more resentful as they become more dependent, witness President Aquino's snub of Secretary Cheney.

"I like the Americans and I hope the bases stay," says a young army lieutenant at Philippine general headquarters in Camp Aguinaldo, which was captured by coup leaders in December. "But I sometimes have to wonder if it means that our political leaders will never grow up." □

Slouching toward Sarajevo?

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



Jennifer Lawson

LJUBLJANA—Yugoslavia was artificially cobbled together after World War I out of different ethnic groups with historical rivalries and has been edging toward the blowup that could lead to its disintegration, its re-Balkanization, since Tito's death in 1980

The first big threat was the autonomous Kosovo region within the Serbian "republic." Kosovo is a small area of minor importance, but was ready to become a flashpoint. The fire was laid by the Turks, who, when they ruled the Balkans, deliberately settled this region, once the heartland of the Serb nation, with Albanian Moslems. The Serbs are now virtually an oppressed minority in Kosovo, despite the power Serbs exercise in the national government. The restiveness in Kosovo is encouraged by Albania. Indeed, there are Kosovo Albanians who are pushing for an *Anschluss* with the motherland. To be sure, Albania is even worse off economically than Yugoslavia; but, at the rate at which Yugoslavia is declining, the difference grows smaller.

The Kosovo problem is now overshadowed by events in Sovenia. The Slovenes are pushing for autonomy, perhaps even total separation from the rest of the country. This could lead to a *finis Yugoslaviae*. The Slovenian parliament has inserted two revolutionary paragraphs into its constitution, one asserting rights to secede from the Yugoslav Federal Republic and to deny permission for troops to move into the territory or for martial law to be established.

Whereas the Serbs are a typical Balkan people of the Eastern Church who had been under Islamic rule for centuries, the Slovenes, under Bavarian rule since the ninth century and under Austrian rule since the fourteenth, lived in an altogether different culture and civilization—German/Austrian, Catholic, and Middle European.

The upper strata of Slovenian society came to speak German; however, in the nineteenth century a sort of Slovenian renaissance took place. The several Slovenian dialects were unified into a literary language, and a broad Slovenian middle class evolved. Even so, German continued as the upper-class language, and some thoroughly German islands remained. From a different angle, a recently published book tried to prove that by origin the Slovenes are not Slavs at all but Veneti, an unclassified Indo-European people who were allied with the Romans (and who gave Venice its name). The point is obviously that the Slovenes are not really South Slavs and thus do not "fit" into Yugoslavia. And they certainly don't.

Still, while the enmity between Slovenia and its neighbors is longstanding, the immediate cause of restiveness, as so often, is economic. The inhabitants of Slovenia account for less than 10 per cent of Yugoslavia's total population but produce more than 25 per cent of its GNP. They suffer like other Yugoslavians from socialism / Communism; but, just as East Germany topped all the other states in Moscow's Red Empire in terms of productivity and standard of living, so Slovenia tops the other Yugoslavian nationalities. In both cases, the reason is work ethic. The Serbs were *rayah* (herd) for centuries under Turkish domination; the Croatians exhausted themselves in bitter battles against the Turks but kept their liberty, whereas the Slovenes learned to work hard under Austrian rule.

The Slovenes feel that their dedication to order, probity, and hard work, plus their organizational talents, are exploited by the Serb government in order to "develop" the backward re-

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gions of the country. They demand, at the least, financial autonomy, since the on-going economic crisis and rampant inflation in Yugoslavia as a whole drags them down. At present one dollar is worth no less than sixty thousand dinars; when exchange rates were set at the end of World War II, a dollar was worth 33 dinars.

The drive for autonomy or independence arouses indignation in Serbia and Montenegro, where huge demonstrations have taken place, and the cry of "Treason" has been heard. Even as Slovenia's main motive for seeking autonomy is economic, so is one important reason for Belgrade's apprehension. With Slovenia gone, the Yugoslavian economy would deteriorate even further, while the substantial Western aid the country had been getting is diminishing.

It is interesting that, as in Hungary, opposition organizations have sprung up in Slovenia, demanding freedom of speech, free elections, and so forth. The Catholic Church, as strongly rooted in Slovenia as it is in Poland, also raises its voice. Yet—again as in Hungary—the Communist Party of Slovenia is as vociferous as the not quite legal opposition. The members and leaders of the Slovenian Communist League are too intelligent to believe in socialism. Here in Ljubljana, the Slovenian capital, I met a group of impeccably dressed young men whom I asked for directions. I could not refrain from remarking upon their attire. "Well, we don't want to be proletarians," one replied, and they all smiled.

There is one immediate fear: If the Belgrade government remains adamant, if greater local rights are not granted, and if, therefore, total independence becomes the Slovenes' demand, what will Belgrade do? How will the Serb-dominated army react? And even if Slovenia won its independence, how can a country of only two million survive economically? One way might be to form an association with Austria, which is badly in need of a harbor on the Adriatic, and which already has over fifty thousand Slovenes living within its borders. Or perhaps Slovenia could join the European Community. With all else that has happened, why not? □

After the Wall

JAMES P. PINKERTON

Jennifer Lawson

WEST BERLIN—This is the Big Apple of Germany—the biggest city, the most cosmopolitan, the city most soaked in myth and history. Images swirled in my mind: Hitler, "Cabaret," Le Carre; and, of course, the Wall, now knocked down. Were we finally awakening from these nightmares? Life in the capital of a reunited Germany would surely be brighter than the dystopic Brave New City imagined by Fritz Lang in *Metropolis*, the bleak Expressionist silent classic filmed in 1926 at Berlin's old UFA studio. What city did Lang have in mind—Berlin? New York? Or some *Bladerunner* synthesis of the supermodern urban future we all faced?

Berlin has just celebrated its 750th birthday. In my New World naiveté, I expected to see Gothic spires, perhaps a medieval procession or two. I knew Berlin had been bombed, but did not really appreciate the power of non-nuclear ordnance until I saw a city where everything standing was about the same age as me. Riding in a cab to the hotel, all I saw was undistinguished International Style office buildings, suspiciously derivative of Montreal's Expo '67 Habitat. That's what happens when everything is rebuilt all at once. The fad of the moment is preserved, mile after mile, in architectural amber.

As for the hulking metal sculptures that one sees everywhere, my theory is that some unscrupulous American modern art dealer dumped everything he couldn't sell stateside on West Berlin for the tax write-off. These pieces are so ugly that the National Endowment for the Arts wouldn't finance them. Unfortunately for small children, these writhing pieces of stainless steel—twisted, dimpled, mottled monuments to man's inhumanity to metal—are everywhere.

The Wall runs a few yards behind the pocked landmark of the Reichstag, symbol of Weimar Germany. I'm not used to seeing public buildings with bullet holes. Built in the 1890s, it epitomizes "Prussian Classicism," the art of the Kaisers: lots of statues, only the cherubim and statesmen are missing fingers and toes and heads.

Having been among the billions of global villagers who watched the Wall's Jericho-ization on live TV, I felt MacLuhanesque *dejá vû* when I saw it "live." Either way, the Wall is Warhol: a pop-art masterpiece, an aboveground subway, an eclectic spray-paint *samizdat* of familiar things. The peace symbols, hammers and sickles superimposed on swastikas, brand logos, rock-group insignia all add up to a semiotic wonderland of transnational hieroglyphs.

Frankly, I was expecting a lot more activity. I saw no People Power, only locals and tourists out for a weekend stroll at this bittersweet national shrine. Debris from a Big Event—crowd barriers, porta-potties, derelict scaffolding from the International Brigade of Television—was scattered like Carolina driftwood. I couldn't blame Dan, Tom, and Peter for leaving. No chanting demonstrators meant no an-

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chor-quality "news." Contented people don't resort to mediagenic mass hysteria. Contrast Berlin with Teheran, where ten years after the revolution the masses still have nothing better to do than shake their fists for the remaining cameras. Give people life and liberty, and the result is boring. So it goes with liberal democracies. Friedrich Hayek identified the "spontaneous order" of manners and markets that free people instinctively create. The Germans, like others across Eastern Europe, demonstrated Minuteman courage in securing the blessings of liberty. Now they are anxious to get on with their lives. The pursuit of happiness doesn't make for good TV, but considering the alternative, the low Nielsens of complacency are a hit.

BUT AS WITH a free lunch, there's no such thing as a free Wall. I tried to extract a piece with my hotel key and bloodied my knuckles. Berliners equipped with hammers and chisels worked hard and got mostly chips. I was offered a coaster-sized chunk for ten Deutschemarks. It looked good—lots of day-glo paint on it, the stamp of authenticity. While I hesitated over six dollars, another American accepted. Obviously a seller's market. The next time a good piece came loose, I went for it. Then another Wall capitalist confronted me with an offer I couldn't refuse: Wall jewelry—Why didn't I think of that? Take a gravel-sized piece of the Wall, affix a safety pin on the back, and glue a worthless East German coin on the front, and sell it to tourists for 15 DM!

The West German authorities, conscious of the dicey international situation, kept a lid on the deconstructionists. Every few minutes the *Polizei* came strolling by. The anvil chorus stuffed its tools and trophies into its collective bosom. The unspoken rule was this: Do what you can with elbow grease, but power tools and strip mining are *Verboten*.

I passed a somber memorial that the rush of good news had overlooked; little white crosses for those killed trying to go over the Wall. The most affecting had just one word in Gothic script: *Unbekannt*.

Back "downtown," I found myself on the *Kurfürstendamm*, the 42nd Street of West Berlin. Called the *Ku'damm*, it's the only known example of the Germans actually *shortening* a word. Amidst the very ventricles of the thumping heart of West German commerce, I was moved to silence by the ruins of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, standing today as the B-17s left it in 1945. The historical suffering of the Germans is only exceeded by the suffering they caused; but after awhile the big-picture fatalism of the ancient Continent osmosed into my thinking. I asked a girl whose name had the aristocratic "von" prefix the whereabouts of the town her ancestors once ruled. She told me matter-of-factly that it was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War.

Eric Hoffer wrote that Americanism is so powerful that everything it touches is immediately Americanized, never the other way around. He was right about Berlin. Three Burger Kings—not *Burger König*—sell Whoppers within a mile of each other along the *Ku'damm*.

German and English are similar enough so that I could usually figure out what was going on, with an occasional peek at my pocket-sized phrase book. I translated *Frühstücken* into "breakfast." The *Cafe Perestroika*, billed as *Russische Spezialitäten*, offered a choice of either the *Gorbi Frühstück* or the *Raissa Frühstück*. Multi-lingualism!

Ludovic Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto, was about one hundred years ahead of his time. An international language has emerged. Crypto-English, the minimalist worldspeak of the global fast lane, rests on a foundation of popular culture, especially music. A visit to "World of Music," West Berlin's very credible deterrent to Tower Records, confirms this emergence of a limited-vocabulary transnational tongue. On the *Musicmarkt* Top Ten list, only one song had a German title. The kids who crowded the store wore sweatshirts emblazoned with "USA," "Baseball," and "LA Gear." What little German to be found was so Anglicized as to be easily comprehensible to a linguistic *dummkopf* like me, e.g. *Das Mega Dance Doppelalbum*. Reigning *über* all, the supreme symbol of globalization, *Der Gloved One*, Michael Jackson. In addition to the airwaves, Michael dominates youth fashion: zippers criss-cross black leather worn on top of white T-shirts. His emblemed image is everywhere: even gracing shopping bags from the *Super 2000* grocery. I asked a young German woman whether touring American pop stars bother to learn even a little *Deutsche* to help them chitchat with their audiences. Her one-word answer spoke volumes about the ability of *Kultur*, in Germany or anywhere else, to withstand the Big Beat of Hoffer's Americanism. "Why?" she asked innocently. Up in *Himmel*, surely Beethoven is rolling over.

The kinetic global culture is tipping traditional dominoes. Real power is not American, it is *human*. People who were once written off, for reasons of racism or expediency, as slaves to an evil system, are now getting their chance. In the free new world anything is possible, including the possibility that others will work harder and smarter and beat us at our own economic game. Unfortunately, no law says that America must always be number one.

Feeling the *angst* of my increasingly uncertain Berlin–Big Apple analogy, I asked the cabdriver taking me to the airport what he thought of the notion that Berlin was to Germany what Fun City was to America. He shook his head. He had been to New York. "Fifth Avenue, very good," he said. "Wall Street, very good. Broadway, very good. But Central Park, very bad. Everything else, very bad. Too much danger. New York, Okay. Berlin is better. A place for all Germans." If New York was not the new Metropolis, what was? I looked for a sign. The handwriting was on the terminal wall. A bronze plaque proclaimed that Berlin had a sister city in America. The sister metropolis was *Los Angeles*!

FROM THE CITY OF *The Blue Angel* to the City of Angels. From the beginning of Fritz Lang's career to its end, thirty years and a transoceanic voyage later. Today the old city on the edge of the steppes looks east to free and peaceful commerce while the new city on the edge of the sea looks west to the next episode of the American Dream. Freedom has rendered Lang's dreadful metropolis obsolete. Berlin needs a new movie that captures the bullish spirit of the people, in keeping with its windward position in the New Breeze of global economics and popular culture. *Berlin, Berlin?* Start spreadin' the news. □

Mr. Pinkerton will report next issue from East Berlin.

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Funding the Usual Suspects

SUSAN MANDEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Now that Nelson Mandela is free, is it permissible for multinationals who pulled out under pressure to resume doing business in South Africa? This is the kind of issue that worries corporate philanthropic officers, for they fear to find themselves given a failing grade in the Council on Economic Priorities' left-leaning annual "Rating of America's Corporate Conscience." Indeed, the men who dole out big business's big bucks can be counted on to ladle out the corporate boodle even to those groups openly advocating political and economic policies that threaten the firm's long-term survival.

That was the finding of the Capital Research Center (CRC). For the past three years CRC has charted the giving policies of the top 250 American corporations with respect to public affairs in an annual study called "Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy: Ideas, Advocacy, and the Corporation." These studies show that the overwhelming majority of such contributions go to liberal organizations.

Much of this is unintentional. Companies like to give to what they perceive as "mainstream" public-interest groups with a lot of name recognition, and of course the ones mentioned by the press most often are on the Left.

The reaction to CRC's study has not been kind. A few weeks ago, for example, CRC's chairman, Willa Johnson, was giving a speech at the Heritage Foundation when the fire bells went off. As she was walking out of the building, she was accosted by Peter Spina, a representative of Mobil Oil, named as one of CRC's "Top Ten Corporate Misgivers." The man from Mobil started shouting at Johnson, charging that her study was flawed because she didn't have enough information (donations given directly from the corporation do not have to be reported, only money from its foundations). When Johnson said she would be happy to review her conclusions if Mobil would provide a full list of donations, he refused.

The main counterattack, however, came in a Winter 1990 "Special Report on Right-Wing Attacks on Corporate Giving" by the National Committee for Responsive Philanthropy. This 16-page publication alerted corporations to the menace of conservative attacks on their giving policies, noting that "these campaigns are having some success and are being raised as matters of serious concern in local donors' forums and at national philanthropic gatherings." CRC is singled out as a primary force behind these campaigns, and a sidebar, "Partnership for Democracy Gets Gold from Right's Garbage," was devoted to an attack on an *NR* article by CRC's William Poole [March 10, 1989].

Oil companies give to environmental activists who want to stop offshore drilling.

But the direct attacks have been few, due in no small part to the shroud of secrecy covering much of corporate giving. Even shareholders do not have the right to know who their companies fund so long as it is done directly and not through a corporate foundation. Thus most of the feedback has been secondhand. Johnson heard there was some private discussion of the CRC study in Chicago last year at the annual meeting of the Conference Board, a group of more than one thousand American corporations, and the Council on Foundations will hold a debate based on the report "Corporate Contributions: Friend or Foe of the Free-Enterprise System?" in Boston this April.

At least in public, the corporations so named simply pooh-pooh the charges. "If we insisted that the leadership of every group we support had to agree with Aetna's position on every matter of public policy we'd find ourselves with few truly meaningful grant-making opportunities," wrote the executive director of the Aetna Foundation, Sanford Cloud Jr., in the Camden, New Jersey, *Courier Post* last year. Aetna, significantly, took the eighth spot in the most recent Top Ten Corporate Misgivers.

The number two Misgiver, Dayton Hudson, goes even further. CRC had rated that group for its contributions to the National Organization for Women's Legal Defense Fund. "It's a list we're not ashamed to be on," says its vice president for public relations, Ann Barkelew, of the CRC study.

Given this reaction, it's not surprising to find that some of the same corporate philanthropy officers who resent the CRC's attempt to categorize their companies according to the ideology of the special-interest groups they fund are downright friendly when discussing "Rating America's Corporate Conscience," a somewhat similar assessment of corporate practices from a left-wing perspective. "It's a whole different kind of thing," explains Lance Buhl, Corporate Contributions Manager for BP America (formerly Standard Oil). This book says, "here are the values that have been adopted by this country. How are you guys doing on those things?" The result of such an approach is that we find oil companies giving to environmental activists who want to stop offshore drilling, an insurance company contributing to a feminist group that wants to end the use of actuarial tables to set insurance rates, an automaker funding a group seeking higher automobile emissions standards, and so on.

As the responses indicate, U.S. corporations have grown themselves a parasitic culture of political philanthropy often hostile to the values and practices of the businesses whose profits they spend. "We're not surprised by the hostile reception to our study," says Johnson, "because program officers obviously have an interest in defending their giving records. What we'd like to see is more involvement by the businessmen *themselves* in these kind of decisions, and so our next step is to reach the CEOs and boards of directors to see if they really like where their money—and their stockholders' money—is going." □

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Ain't Gonna Study (Cold) War No More

JOHN P. ROCHE

As MEDIA Clausewitzes and hyperthyroid pols keep demanding that President George Bush formulate a "grand strategy," I am simply pleased that events in Eastern Europe and Russia have moved at such a pace that all the Washington deep-thinkers are bogged down in last week's crisis. To borrow a phrase from Winston Churchill, who in January 1944 was plagued by critics in search of his overall strategic concept, what we need is an "underall strategic concept." The fundament of this approach should be the maxim: "Never get mixed up in the religious wars of other people's churches."

To say this is not to suggest for a moment that the time has come to take a nice nap. We are watching a movement of political tectonic plates unmatched since the breakup of the old European order at the end of World War I, and—as the inhabitants of San Francisco can testify—plate movement generates earthquakes. However, suppressing the inordinate hubris that seems to be an ingredient of what Tocqueville called "American exceptionalism," we have to realize that while we can blowup the world, we simply can't persuade Azeris to be lovable toward Armenians, or vice versa.

British Foreign Secretary Grey once observed that the cure for Europe's woes would be to educate foreign statesmen at English public schools. This strikes an American as a bit snotty, but a similar "Pygmalion compulsion" is as much a part of our national character as it was when Woodrow Wilson set out on the war to end all wars. A classic example is my file of *New York Times* editorials announcing our obligation to save the Khmer from the Khmer Rouges . . . not, of course, unilaterally, or by force, but by some exotic rite conducted by the UN, ASEAN, or even the Rosicrucians.

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In short, there will be earthquakes—the hard-faced men in uniform may decide to close Gorbachev's playground before they find themselves the praetorian guard of the Grand Duchy of Muscovy—and all those missiles are still in place. Nor should we forget the existence of the Chinese intercontinental missile capability or the potential for missile proliferation. Recall: the Iraqi regime, as savage a bunch of thugs as ever walked the earth, has tested an intermediate-range missile which could deliver nerve gas all over the neighborhood . . . and they liked the job nerve gas did on their rebellious Kurds. No, it's still a bit early to talk about a "peace dividend."

But it is not too soon to talk about a historical division of labor. As a premature cold-warrior (it is forgotten that we Social Democrats, a small band, in 1942 demanded an I.C.R.C. investigation of the Katyn massacres of Polish officers, objected to Yalta, and even deprecated both the United Nations and the Nuremberg Trials on the ground that Stalin's participation made them a bad joke), I have now spent half a century on the ideological barricade against totalitarianism. Unlike the impatient Bertrand Russell, and others, who wanted a pre-emptive war with the Soviets while we still held the nuclear monopoly, we argued that if Soviet power were contained, the odious system would eventually implode. It has, and we find the world's second largest outdoor slum, alas, with horrendous military power. (To those who assert we should have taken the Russell option, I would say—leaving morality out of it—it was impossible: the American people in an acute withdrawal syndrome would no more have tolerated it than they would have supported an expeditionary force to "Save China.")

Let us put it bluntly: Since 1947, when the Truman Administration (with Stalin's full cooperation) convinced the American people to rescue and revive Western Europe, American power—military, economic, and political—has been the bulwark of human freedom. Some critics say, haven't we wasted a huge amount of money on an arms race? Yes, we have spent a lot of money, fortunately unnecessarily (so far: there are still those SS-18s, 19s, 24s, 25s, plus SSBNs deployed), but—in terms of a percentage of GNP—nothing like what they have expended. But an arms *race*? We have been arguing about deploying a mobile ICBM for over a decade; they *have* over thirty rail-mobile 24s and 165 plus road-mobile 25s prowling around the countryside. (Figures from the International Institute of Strategic Studies.)

Moreover, I grew up in a non-arms-race and was in a world war at age 19; since 1946 we have had, thank God, no central wars. Deterrence has deterred partly because we have built up our military power, but perhaps even more because the Soviets have been terrified of American technology. When they read our Defense budget with its trivial allocation to R & D and missile technology, they chuckle and figure it's as phony as their Defense budget: we must have a "death ray" up our sleeve. (The funds are probably secreted in one of those lush Aid to Dependent Generals accounts!)

I THINK it is now safe enough to start a fundamental reordering of our priorities, starting from the premise that our European and Japanese friends have reached the stage in life where they can support their own defense. With Marshall Plan funds we established the foundation for the flourishing European economy; our offshore procurement policies during the Korean and Vietnamese wars did the same thing for Japan. This is not a call to abandon military alliances, but rather to cost them out realistically. Why, for example, should roughly thirty thousand American soldiers and their dependents be living in German slum housing? Why are there 250,000 American troops still in Europe? "A reassuring, symbolic presence?"

In military terms anyone who wants an alliance with us can work it out bilaterally in terms of our mutual interests: the United States of America no longer has to double as the Salvation Army, no longer has to be in the "reassuring symbol" business.

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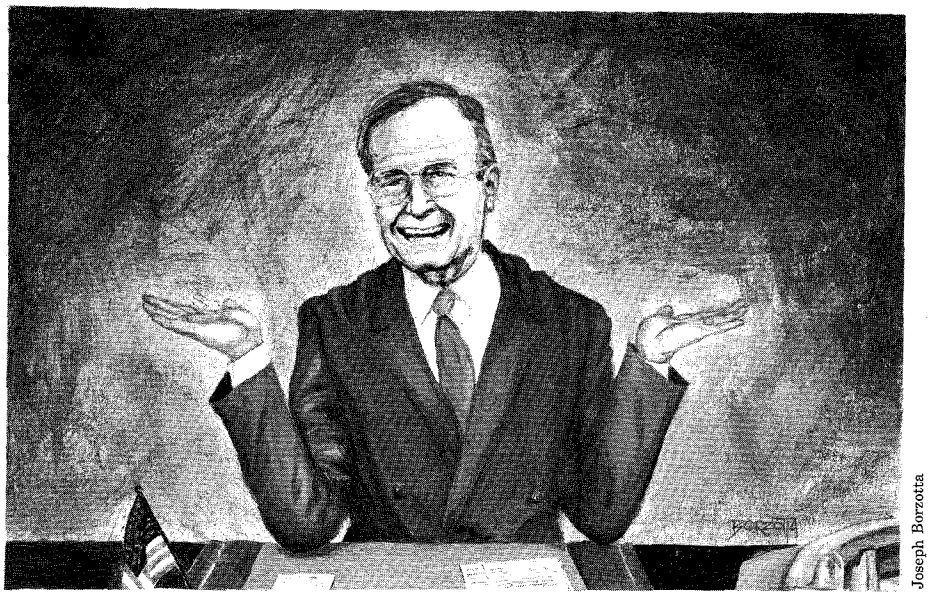
Until the great Marxist–Leninist meltdown it seemed imprudent to wobble on, say, NATO; you never knew whether the Moscow Mafia would react dangerously. Currently, however, they are so focused on their own survival problems they are probably reading the bulletins from Baku and Vilnius rather than from Washington and Paris. Given the theme of this essay, it would be folly to design a grand strategy—but a splendid idea to start mothballing a number of the premises of our old one.


Joseph Borzotta

FOR STARTERS, let's deep-six the notion that we will kiss an ally's foot for the privilege of defending it. (Recall that in 1973 when we rushed emergency aid to Israel in the Yom Kippur War only Franco and Salazar among our NATO "allies" allowed our aircraft essential refueling facilities. Would democratic Spain and Portugal behave similarly today?) As the Germanies and former Soviet captive nations engage in a *Mittel-Europaische* country dance, NATO more and more resembles an aggregation of sleepwalkers. To say this is hardly a call for American "isolationism"; it is a statement of strategic realism: West Germany is comatose.

Another proposition, as noted earlier, that should be consigned to a museum is that the United States' policy can seriously alter the course of events in the Soviet Union or China. As "Gorby" jumps from ice-floe to ice-floe we can applaud his agility, but we can not "save" him: he is on his own in a mafia universe we do not understand. He may not either, but this is his problem; we have to be prepared for failure—"Not one, but a hundred Azerbaijans" to paraphrase Che Guevera—and worry about who gets those nukes. And what to do about possible "rogue missiles," the one with no return address. Like Senator Sam Nunn, I submit we should give a top priority to anti-missile protection.

President Bush (except for his bizarre Chinese gambit) has been engaged in what the Daoists called "creative nonaction," and he should remain on that course. To revert to the division of labor, this time in a nonmilitary context, he should pass on the Marshall Plan torch to the European Community, which—as it has done with Spain—can take over the reconstruction of the shambolic economies of Eastern Europe (the funds they have not contributed to NATO over the years should provide a nice dowry). If it can seriously be said that over one billion Chinese are "isolated" (cf., the legendary BBC weather forecast: "Heavy fog over Channel: Continent Isolated"), leave them in that pristine state until a new generation takes over from the antiques. Deng may be a jolly bridge partner, but he is not about to immolate the old gang on the altar of modernization.

In the short run—and life is one short run after another—we should position ourselves to engage in flexible internationalism. As I noted here some years ago ("The Demise of Liberal Internationalism," May 3, 1985), it is going to be difficult to generate enthusiasm for any foreign policy. That cohort of 75 million Americans born between 1945 and 1964 seems (as my generation was in its childhood) quite happy to live without one.

Look at the latest *New York Times*/CBS News poll (January 25, 1990) for the critical data. *Question*: "Should the United States increase aid to Eastern European countries that are becoming more independent of the Soviet Union?" All adults: "Yes," 33 per cent; "No," 59 per cent. The difference between the view of the majority and mine is, I suspect, that whereas I want the European Community to carry the burden, that 59 per cent is evidencing "compassion fatigue," at least as far as "furriners" are concerned. Some 62 per cent want any money saved on defense used to "fight [domestic] problems like drugs and homelessness." Whether the same segment would actually support aid to the homeless and drug victims if offered a tax cut as an option, is an interesting question. We can be the most generous people in the world; we can also rank up there with the Uriah Heeps.

To summarize, to expect the people of the U.S. to support some overall world strategy—assuming such a symmetrical reification could be formulated—is an exercise in self-delusion. Thomas Hobbes, not Immanuel Kant, is the prophet of our era: it is a time for calculating capabilities, not crusading for visions. I want to see the expansion of human freedom in the world, but for that to happen there has to be an intact world once the dust settles on the disintegration of the "evil empires."

THUS I return to the imperative of a short-term crash program to deploy effective anti-missile technology: as Hobbes emphasized, survival is a prerequisite for commodious living. And the people at risk are not just Americans: with the Chinese selling IRBMs with a range of 1500m ("Silkworms") to the Saudis; the Iraqis, Indians, Pakistanis, Israelis in the missile business for themselves; and the huge Soviet arsenal possibly up for grabs in an internal convulsion, an effective anti-missile system (not that "impenetrable shield" that is standard caricature in the anti-SDI campaign) would be a blessing to humanity. Then, maybe in ten years, we can unleash the grand strategists to engage in vision-mongering, but in the meantime focus on keeping any archduke from visiting Sarajevo. □

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Yeltsin Spoils the Party

Last month Leninism filed for Chapter 11.
Gorbachev's reform Communism now looks like a halfway house.
Suddenly, it's multiparty time. Could it be Yeltsin's hour?

EUGENE H. METHVIN

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV, who a few months ago called the notion of a multiparty system for the Soviet Union "rubbish," rattled the Central Committee meeting on February 5 by declaring himself all for it—"at a certain stage." And like good democratic centralists, all the committeemen who could be cadged into an interview by U.S. network correspondents outside the Kremlin gate agreed—some glumly, some gladly.

One who was grudging in praise for Comrade Gorbachev was Boris Yeltsin, now universally labelled a "maverick" in Western news shorthand. He was the only one of two-hundred-plus members to vote "No" on Gorbachev's proposed new Party program renouncing the Communist monopoly on power—because the reforms didn't go far enough: "The time for half measures is over. We are sitting on top of a volcano." Asked whether he would lead a new party, Yeltsin answered he would have to wait to see what kind of new program Gorbachev and the Communist Party adopt.

But in fact Yeltsin and his followers were what the regional secretary from Kazakhstan, Svyateslav Medvedev, was talking about when he told the *Washington Post*'s David Remnick, "Let's face it. We already have a multiparty system in effect." In effect, but not actually yet effective in the sense that people can vote the rascals out and see new faces in office after the election.

But wait. The USSR's largest republic, the Russian Republic (RSFSR), embracing 52 per cent of the nation's people, has an election March 4 for republic and local Soviets. And Boris Yeltsin is running in Sverdlovsk, where he was first Party secretary from 1976–1985. A local journalist says "there is no question whatsoever that he will win." And if nominated for chairman of the RSFSR Supreme Soviet, Yeltsin says he will "not back out of the contest."

In that post he will have a "bully pulpit." He will quickly become the second most prominent, and probably second most powerful, political figure in the country.

YELTSIN, like the USSR itself, is a man very much in evolution. Last September he had hardly landed in Manhattan before he told the press: "All my impressions of capitalism, of the United States, of Americans, that have been pounded into me over the years have changed 180 degrees in the day and a half I have been here."

Asked by Dan Rather in September to predict Gorbachev's future, Yeltsin said he has "maybe a year," and if there is no improvement in the living standard and "social justice" there will be a "revolution from below." His broad grin at the start of his comment revealed volumes about his own idea on who would be the logical leader for such a revolution, though he termed it potentially "a very dangerous thing." Dangerous indeed—and one can imagine Boris Nikolaeyevich being shot as a result of that grin.

But probably not. Gorbachev finds in Yeltsin a useful scarecrow to keep the *apparatchiki* moving toward *perestroika*. At key turns, Gorbachev has helped him, not altogether out of altruism.

For example, the *Washington Post* reported Yeltsin drank a quart and a half of Jack Daniels Tennessee Whisky during his night at Johns Hopkins University. An Italian reporter leaped from that to cable his paper that Yeltsin was touring America as if it were "a bar five thousand kilometers long." *Pravda* republished the Italian's dispatch, stirring up a storm of protest from Yeltsin admirers.

Mr. Methvin is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.

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Then two revolutionary things happened. *Pravda* published a retraction and apology—a "grovel," some Westerners called it. This astonishing about face reportedly came at Gorbachev's personal and direct command, and in a couple of weeks *Pravda*'s conservative editor, Viktor G. Afanasyev, was replaced by one of Gorbachev's close personal aides. Then, after Yeltsin's return, Soviet state television broadcast in the prime-time slot just before the evening news his Johns Hopkins speech and his interview in America on the *MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour*. Amazed Soviet viewers saw him predict cataclysm at home and tell how he felt "twice as free" after circling the Statue of Liberty. Observed Remnick, the *Post*'s Moscow correspondent: "The truth is, Yeltsin is a hambone . . . [who] will doubtlessly walk away from the whole affair with his popularity higher than ever."

Gorbachev had hardly been in power in the Kremlin six months when he reached way out to Sverdlovsk, in western Siberia, for Yeltsin. Gorbachev and Yegor Ligachev, second-ranking Politburo member and the man in charge of Party cadres, knew him as a capable manager and leader, and they needed such men. They put him in charge of construction, the lowest job in the Party leadership.

Tim Bower

Gorbachev and Yeltsin are the same age, both born in early 1931. But their careers were notably different. Gorbachev was a Party activist by age 21, in 1952, when he was a student at Moscow University, and when Stalin the Terrible was still living. Yeltsin did not join the Party until a decade later. He stayed in Sverdlovsk, graduated in 1955 from the Ural Polytechnic Institute, and at thirty years old was a rising construction engineer–manager, before he took the political plunge. And that happened to be the same year Stalin's body was removed from Lenin's side in the great granite mausoleum on Red Square, when Khrushchev was in control and the "revisionists" were on the rise.

WHILE GORBACHEV was a model law student and Party careerist, Yeltsin was always a hellraiser. As a boy during World War II, he and two friends sneaked into an arms warehouse and stole two hand grenades. He tried to take one of the things apart, and blew off the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. He claims that just after the War, he bummed around, a tramp or "homeless," looking for opportunities and trying to understand his country. Somewhere along the way he had a brief fling as a prizefighter.

In 1976 he was made first Party secretary—boss of the Sverdlovsk *obkom*, or region. In 1981 he began public meetings with students, non-Party members, and Komsomol leaders, apparently seeking to project a populist image. At those sessions questions about the Afghan war and Poland's declaration of martial law were raised. He also made a reputation as a managerial tiger in 1982 when the American embargo jeopardized the gas pipeline to Western Europe; he prodded a factory into producing needed parts ahead of schedule and below cost. But he was independent or impolitic enough to object when the Kremlin leadership told him to open a museum in a building where Brezhnev had lived in the 1920s. Yeltsin was summoned to Moscow where, as he recalls, only the young Politburo member Mikhail Gorbachev supported him.

When Gorbachev and Ligachev plucked him to Moscow in July 1985 a Siberian warned a Muscovite, "We have sent you a real bulldozer."

In Moscow the Bulldozer proved so effective in the construction ministry that six months later, when Mr. Gorbachev decided to kick out Victor Grishin, oldguard Moscow Party boss, on February 18, 1986, he put Yeltsin in the post; he was also made a candidate member of the Politburo. Yeltsin pronounced Grishin's epitaph, portraying him as presiding for twenty years over a growing mountain of corruption, complacency, and bureaucratic bungling. The Moscow health service, for example, was shot through with malpractice and peculation; some 20 per cent of its investment funds simply disappeared, and for those outside the nomenklatura elite, medical attention was virtually unobtainable without bribing somebody. Yeltsin infuriated some rank-and-file Party members. But the Bulldozer was only cranking up.

In April 1986, Yeltsin announced that eight hundred trade officials had been arrested for bribery and abusing the lines of shoppers. He attacked certain bureaucrats by name. In his pugilistic, lapel-jabbing style, he challenged them to get out of their limousines, ride the buses, and find out what life was like for ordinary folks. He stood in line at stores, listening to people's complaints, and took to the streets, often with crowds at his heels, to admonish busdrivers and butchers to give better service. "We dig and dig and still we don't get to the bottom of this filthy well," he scolded.

Sprinkled through Moscow and clustered around the Kremlin, the heart of Soviet bureaucracy, are dozens of *zakaz* shops, special stores that prepare rich grocery parcels for delivery or pickup for top Communist Party brass. He and his wife made a point of shopping in state markets. After his ouster, Yeltsin told a Western reporter: "The head of the state Agriculture Ministry will never fight for a food program so long as delicious →

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The Soviet Voter: A Profile

SOVIET SOCIETY today is far more diverse and heterogeneous than even American society. Democratization in the Soviet Union is accompanied by rifts at all levels. Supporters of socialism favor egalitarianism and the paternalistic role of the state; supporters of capitalism favor privatization, individual initiative, and American-style capitalism.

A myriad of polls demonstrate this. Some 20 per cent of the Soviet population openly declares socialism responsible for the collapse of the Soviet economy, and 24 per cent encourage private ownership of the means of production. But in another national survey, for example, 50 per cent of the respondents in Soviet cities condemned private cooperatives. About one-third clearly support egalitarian policies, one-third strongly oppose them, and the final third remain undecided.

In addition, there is considerable disagreement regarding political issues. Should the USSR be a unitarian state or an highly decentralized federation? *Ogonyok* reported in October that 17 per cent of the residents in the Russian republics, 21 per cent of those in the Ukraine, and 47 per cent of those in Estonia voted for full political autonomy for the national republics.

Do current Soviet problems call for an iron hand, or democracy? In July, 28 per cent demanded an increase in the role of the KGB, while 21 per cent thought that it should remain the same. Should the Soviet political order be based on a single- or multiparty system? Nearly 53 per cent opposed a multi-party system, while 33 per cent clearly favored one.

An overwhelming majority—no less than 80 to 90 per cent—does agree in its hatred of the Party apparatus and the corrupt bureaucracy. This pushes many to support democratic reforms (80 to 85 per cent support multicandidate elections), particularly those aimed at abolishing the infamous Article Six of the Constitution proclaiming the Party's directive role in society, which now looks doomed.

Within the Party itself most *apparatchiks*, with some rank-and-file support, vehemently oppose *perestroika*, but millions of party members support it. This disagreement was manifested recently at two meetings in Leningrad. The first was convened on November 22 by Boris Gidaspov, who was appointed first Party secretary as an ardent *perestroika* advocate but has now joined the conservative camp. Gidaspov's meeting became a forum for Gorbachev's critics, each participant trying to outdo the others in denouncing *perestroika*. On December 6, Gorbachev's supporters held a second meeting, insisting that they, not the neo-Stalinists, enjoyed majority support.

Considerable dissension also exists among Soviet industrial managers, many of whom are strongly opposed to free markets and autonomy for their enterprises. The working class? While striking miners in Siberia were demanding an end to private cooperatives, their militant colleagues in Vorkuta were embracing them. Nikolai Ryzhkov, the Soviet prime minister, in November denounced the Vorkuta coalition between workers and the private cooperatives headed by Vladimir Tikhonov, a prominent liberal economist. Workers in Zagorsk, near Moscow, even advocate unemployment as perhaps the single tool to force people to work harder. Workers who have forged ties with liberal intellectuals regularly face co-workers who have joined the highly conservative United Front of Workers.

Soviet peasants and agricultural managers are no more united. Although many peasants delight at the prospect of dismantling collective farms, many others fear any disruption in the routine life of collective farming, which, despite lousy work, promises a stable income—a mood encouraged by most collective farm chairmen. Similarly, within the Army and KGB, several generals and officers side with liberal demands for reform, incurring the wrath of most of their colleagues, who consider the Brezhnev era a golden age. Even Soviet writers divide into two camps: liberals in "April" and neo-Stalinists in the Union of Russian Writers.

Ethnic animosity has reached critical levels, with ethnic non-Russians being pitted against Russians. Thus, in the Baltic republics, Russians tend to defend socialism and Stalin, while the Baltic peoples tend to advocate liberal capitalism and are uncompromising detractors of the Soviet past. But ethnic ties also continue to unite many non-Russians, such as the Baltic and Caucasian peoples, for whom ethnic issues take precedence over—and influence—all other issues.

Still, the ethnic issue is not yet of crucial importance to the Russian masses. When asked, "What should be taken into consideration first in settling ethnic conflicts," only 7 per cent of the residents of the Russian Soviet Republic chose "the interests of the Russian people." Another positive sign: when asked, "Who, in your opinion, is primarily responsible for the deterioration of ethnic relations," only 2 per cent chose "Masons and Zionists."

FEW SOVIET PEOPLE can be easily labeled either liberal or conservative. The Soviet world view is extremely eclectic, often deeply contradictory, and always volatile. It reacts quickly to new developments and can easily move from one extreme to another. Although most everyone will express an opinion on major issues—in a recent poll less than 5 per cent of the respondents avoided answering a sensitive question about autonomy of the national republics—only a small number have deeply rooted convictions.

Much of the Soviet population remains essentially indifferent to ideological controversy, absorbed instead with everyday concerns, vulnerable to any politician who promises rapid improvements in lifestyle. Increasing social apathy and insensibility to any social values—liberal or conservative—has rendered them aggressively individualistic, cruel to others, scared of hard work, and envious of the material success of others.

This level of discord represents a source of permanent tension, creates a feeling of imminent civil war, and may cause problems of a far greater scope than those currently facing the Soviet people. Unless some consensus is achieved, at least among the Russians, the current regime stands little chance of stabilizing the country.

—VLADIMIR SHLAPENTOKH

Mr. Shlapentokh, a professor of sociology at Michigan State University, conducted the first nationwide polls in the Soviet Union during the Sixties and Seventies.

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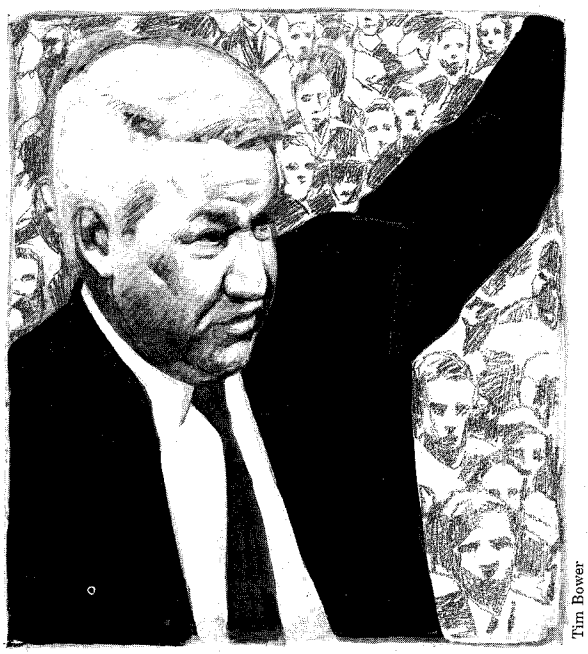
→ foods are still delivered to his house. For him, the food problem was solved a long time ago."

Yeltsin liberated *Moskovskaya Pravda*, the local party newspaper, whose reporters began to produce probing articles about sensitive local issues such as special schools for the children of Party members. When the nomenklatura elitists argued that they work so hard they deserve their special cars, clinics, and stores, Yeltsin sneered and called them "an inert layer of time-servers with Party cards." But when he launched personnel shakeups and mass firings of Party regulars, he ran head-on into their Kremlin champion, Cadre Commissar Ligachev.

In April 1987 the wife of a senior Party official wrote in a Moscow newspaper this warning: "Don't snipe at us. We are the elite and you cannot halt the stratification of society. You are not strong enough. We will rip the puny sails of *perestroika* and you will be unable to reach your destination. So cool it."

A few months later Yeltsin was out. He went to Gorbachev complaining that Ligachev was interfering in his personnel appointments. Only later did Yeltsin (and the world) learn that one of his secretaries was delivering all his messages and reporting on cabinet happenings to Ligachev.

When Yeltsin came out of the provinces, he still apparently had some idealistic belief in the Communist system and its ability to change. But Moscow showed him how it really ran, and Yeltsin was shaken to his core. He began vociferously interrupting Politburo meetings to criticize Party deadwood and the slow pace of *perestroika*. Gorbachev, by his own later public account, began to pull Yeltsin aside to urge him to be "more polite" to the Politburo's white whales.


Tim Bower

On October 21, 1987, the Central Committe met to hear a two-hour report by Gorbachev on the anniversary-celebration plans. Yeltsin surprised Gorbachev and everybody else by announcing that he had sent a letter of resignation both as Politburo member and as Moscow Party boss. He charged that *perestroika* had failed to deliver a better life for the common people and was being stifled by false reporting and false optimism, and sabotaged by Ligachev. Then Yeltsin delivered an unmistakable slap to Gorbachev himself. Politburo members are "too nice to one another" and "say too many nice things" about Gorbachev, he snorted, whereas they should be prodding him harder. It was an audible rattle of the old Stalinist "cult of personality" bones.

The three hundred or so Central Committee members sat in stunned silence for long moments. Then the comrades put on a sterling diplay of groupnost, solidarity in the face of the maverick. Ligachev led off, and one by one ten Politburo members and 17 other high officials rose in a three-hour barrage to denounce the upstart.

Finally Gorbachev spoke. It was clear he regarded Yeltsin's fusillade as a kind of stab in the back. He gave Yeltsin a tongue-lashing: "Have you reached such heights of self-admiration and is your opinion of yourself so great that you have put your own ambitions above the interests of the Party and the cause? Are you so politically illiterate that we need to give you classes?" Nevertheless, Gorbachev magnanimously saw that Yeltsin was given a prestigious position as number two commissar in the construction ministry.

Word of this Vesuvian eruption leaked to the Western press ten days later. Though the Soviet press said nothing, Radio Liberty, the Voice of America, and other Western radios broadcast the news. And the Soviet public's reaction was overwhelmingly pro-Yeltsin. Petitions of support were delivered to City Hall. A young actress departed from the script in the midst of a performance to accuse the audience of standing by and doing nothing while a new "Hercules" come to clean Moscow's Augean stables was expelled; the audience responded with astonished silence, then applause, and the next performances were sold out. Lapel buttons popped out all over bearing the hero's portrait and proclaiming, "Tell 'em, Yeltsin!" He continued to tell 'em. In Remnick's analysis: "Giving interviews to Western television stations, blasting high-ranking Soviet leaders in the official press, Yeltsin has become a one-man populist party."

The populist took his case "to the people." He jumped squarely into the March 1989 election of delegates to the new 2250-member National Congress of People's Deputies. (They in turn elect the 542 members of the new Supreme Soviet, the standing legislative body which is to meet for two sessions a year.) Of course the Moscow Party ignored him when it picked its candidates to fill its one hundred reserved seats. So he sent word to local constituencies he would resign his Party post and run, if nominated. Using a fine-print electoral law, Party activists tried to pack the pre-electoral meetings, where success was necessary to win a place on the ballot. But the ten rival candidates, including a much-decorated cosmonaut, were swamped. Yeltsin's supporters turned the Moscow district nominating caucus into a virtual coronation. Yeltsin gave a stem-winding speech lashing out at the senior-party functionaries' privileges and urging wide discussion of the benefits of a multiparty system. The ex-prizefighter bellowed into the microphone, "I am physically fit and ready to fight!"

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"*Skazhee 'um*, Boris Nikolayevich!" became a campaign war cry. "Tell 'em!"

The crowds were simply wild about him. *New York Times* correspondent Bill Keller wrote: "Mr. Yeltsin has a rapport with an audience that is rarely seen in Soviet politics and is a bit frightening even to some of his supporters." And to Yeltsin too—in a quiet moment later he said to Keller: "The ineptitude of the leadership, their lies and libels about me, created an unhealthy hullabalaloo around my name. Not a cult, but an unhealthy hullaballoo."

In the midst of the campaign, the Central Committee created a commission to investigate whether Yeltsin's call for discussion of a multiparty system violated Party discipline. This provoked an angry protest march by thousands of Yeltsin's supporters through the center of Moscow. Chanting "Down with Party bureaucrats!" and "Hands off Yeltsin," they ended up a block from the Kremlin outside Moscow City Hall, demanding an end to official attacks on their hero. The boomerang effect was huge. Sociologist Leonti G. Byzov conducted periodic polls and found that in early March Yeltsin had 60 per cent of the electorate, but two weeks later after the Central Committee action, his support had soared to 80 per cent. On election eve more than ten thousand rallied in his cause.

THE ELECTION was a stunning, shocking defeat for Party *apparachiki* all across the Soviet Union, and a colossal triumph for Yeltsin. He rolled up 5,118,745 votes to 392,633 for his chief opponent. The debacle was so embarrassing that *Pravda* for days made no mention of the victory margin. Sociologist Galina Staravoitova compiled statistics showing 20 per cent of the nation's regional Party secretaries lost, and 30 per cent of other high-ranking *apparachiks* also lost. Some 35 regional Party secretaries were beaten.

The Party stalwarts were sobered but not daunted. They had a built-in majority under the election law, and they used it. When the Congress of Deputies met in May to choose the 542-member Supreme Soviet, the *apparachiki* simply excluded most of the radical reformers, including Yeltsin. While the reformers occupied up to 30 per cent of the Congress seats, they were reduced to between 10 and 15 per cent in the legislature.

Yeltsin's exclusion provoked a furore. That night thousands filled a Moscow park under banners proclaiming: "Down with the Stalinist–Brezhnevite Supreme Soviet." On the fourth day, the Congress reversed itself, and Gorbachev may have engineered the move. A university law lecturer from Omsk announced he would forfeit his seat in the Supreme Soviet if the Congress would give it to Yeltsin. Gorbachev welcomed and shepherded his motion through. That evening as Yeltsin walked from the Kremlin along Gorky Street toward his apartment, hundreds of Muscovites flocked to him, cheering, chanting, shaking hands, and holding out babies to be kissed. "Dissatisfaction with the election of the Supreme Soviet was mounting and by tomorrow the results might have been unpredictable," Yeltsin said, and he claimed "a warming" with Gorbachev. "I always supported the strategic line of Comrade Gorbachev, and moreover I fought for it."

The three hundred or so reform deputies elected a five-man collective leadership including Yeltsin and Sakharov. Yeltsin was tops in votes with 92 per cent, so he became the first rotating chairman. The reformers' agenda called for radical reform of the economy and contested elections for the presidency. They also urged laws on pensions, children's rights, and property.

Yeltsin, a simple construction engineer, may not be an ideological sophisticate who comprehends all this sociological claptrap, but he does understand that he is not able to build a new building without some prior demolition, and he sees a ramshackled old structure in the way. Just as clearly, Gorbachev sees a certain utility in reminding the nomenklaturists that the Bulldozer is ready to lead a populist revolution and to clean house of the Little Stalins.

The election was a stunning, shocking defeat for the Party* apparachiki *all across the Soviet Union, and a colossal triumph for Yeltsin

On February 5, as many as three hundred thousand people marched in Moscow, easily the largest mass demonstration since Lenin's day. They waved placards reading, "Freedom Now!" and "Soviet Army—Don't Shoot at Your Own People," and "Party Bureaucrats: Remember Rumania!" Yeltsin roused the crowd: "This is the last chance for the Party. . . . This is also Gorbachev's last chance. Either he acts or he loses us."

ANDREI SAKHAROV'S death leaves Yeltsin the only opposition leader with nationwide name recognition and stature to challenge or supplant Gorbachev in a crunch. In the July 1989 wildcat coal-miners strike a panicky Kremlin hierarchy openly admitted their own bankruptcy by calling him forth for a nationwide televised appeal to the strikers. Yeltsin made clear he spoke not for the Party but for the new legislature's independent radicals. He is no Churchill, but today one can imagine an upheaval in which Yeltsin could be called to lead the Soviet equivalent of Churchill's "National Government" of May 10, 1940. Whether events present the Bulldozer with his opportunity, and what he will make of it, constitute suspenseful elements of the gripping drama unfolding on today's Moscow stage. Yeltsin is a Gargantuan player who enthralls Soviet and American audiences alike, and he will undoubtedly help shape the futures of us all. □

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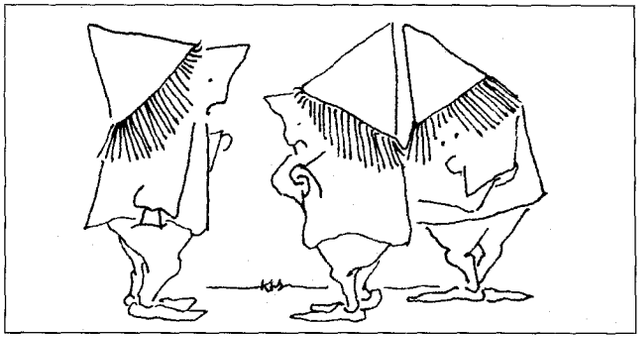
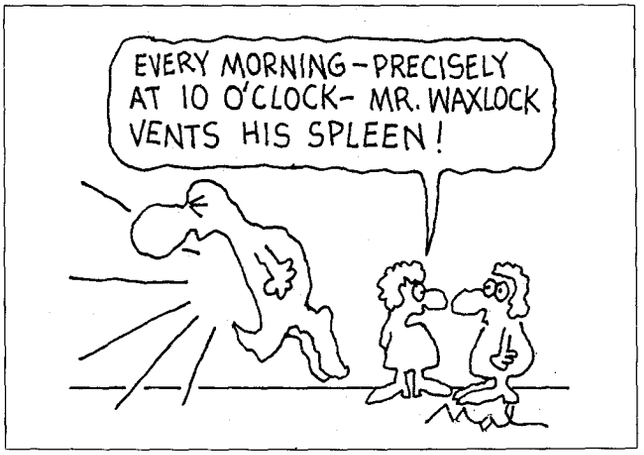


"Of course, a peace dividend would be subject to capital-gains tax . . ."

Back to Berlin

Like wurst that's fashioned into links
Efficiently as Humperdinck's
Babes in the woods made gingerbread
Out of the wicked witch instead;
The Fourth Reich will be born before
Kris Kringle jingles through the door.

W. H. VON DREELE



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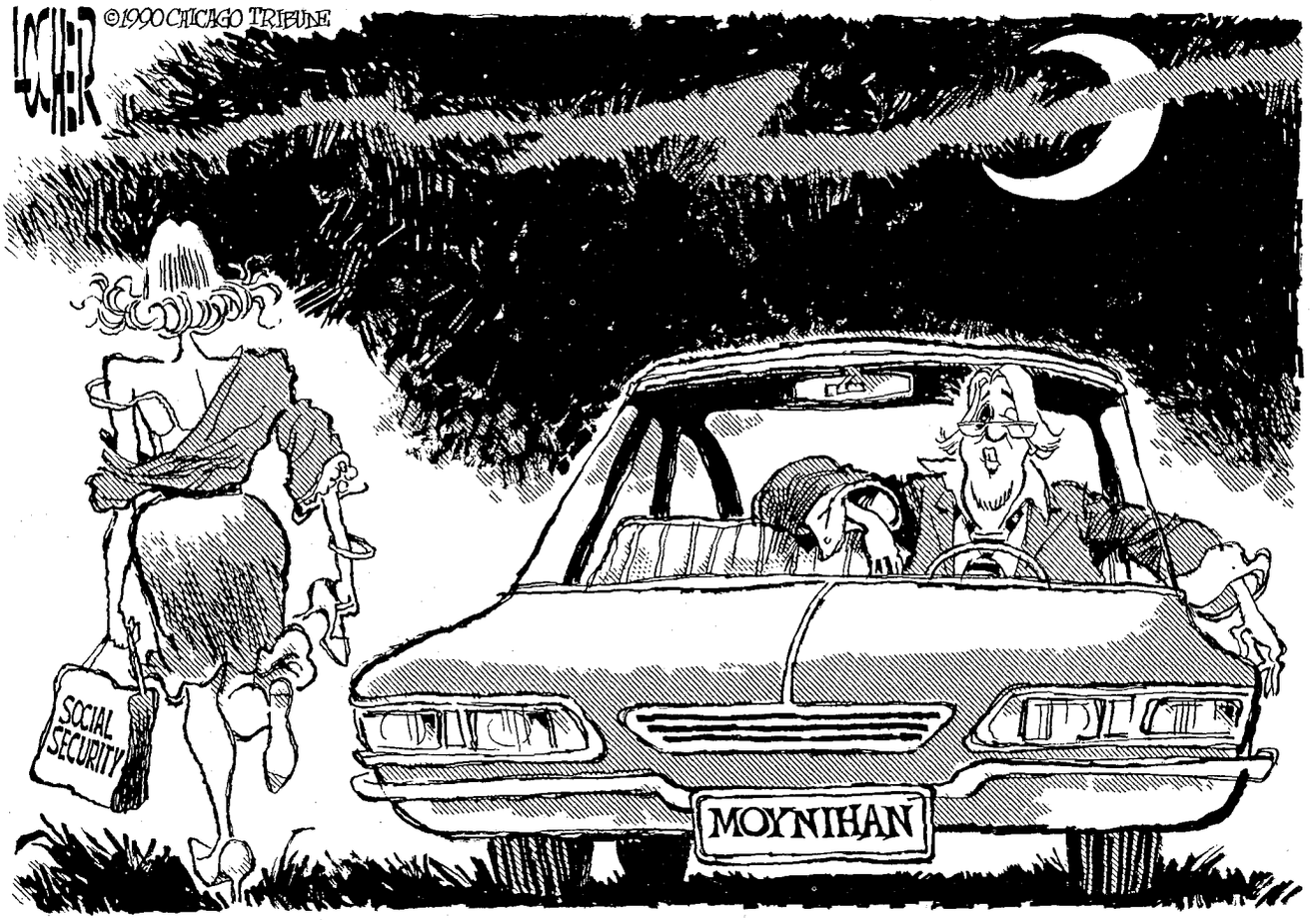

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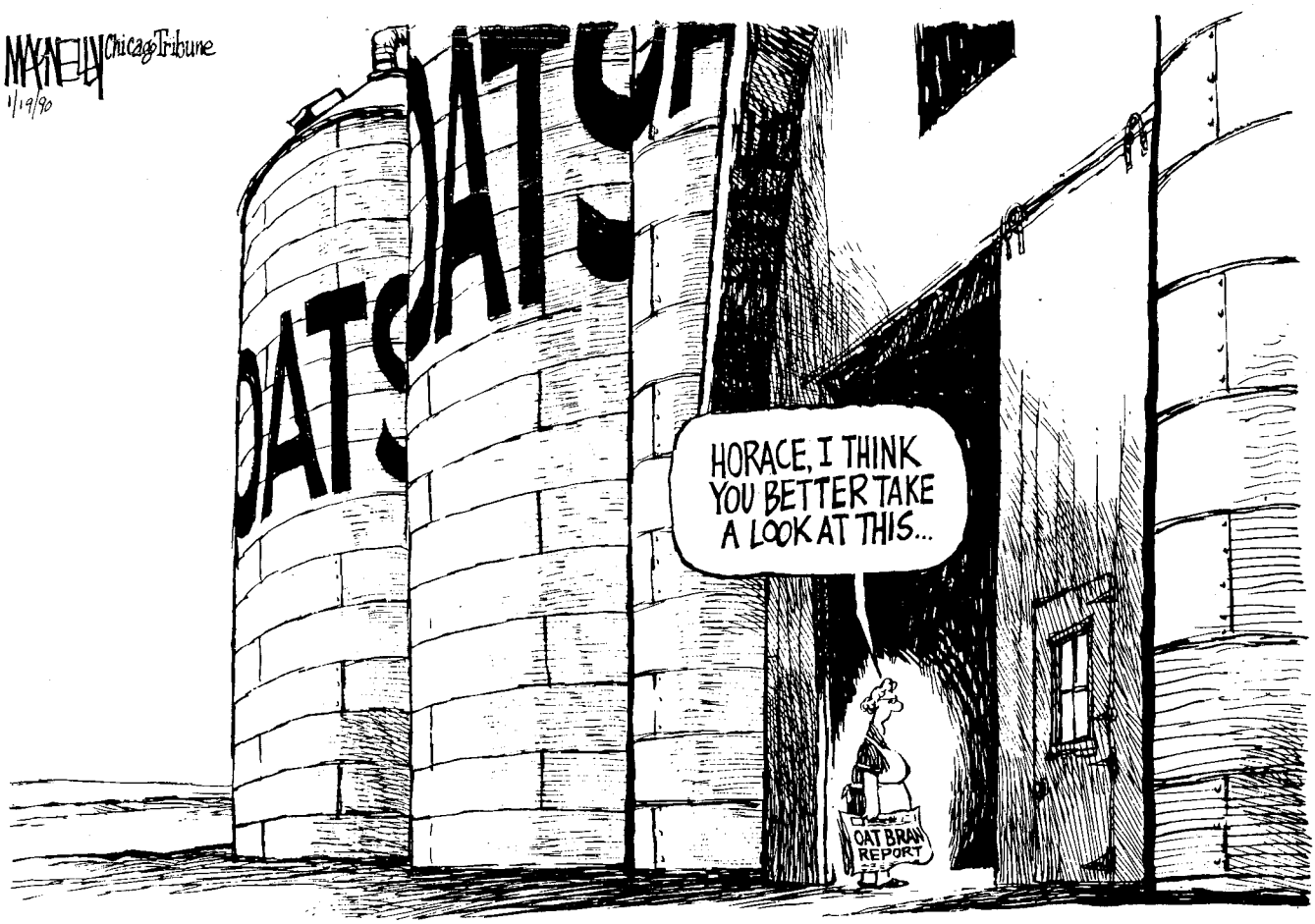

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THE KEATING FIVE

How to Win Friends And Influence Regulators

The delayed closing of Lincoln Savings cost the taxpayers $1 billion. Why didn't the regulators scream, Stop! Because Washington was whispering, Go.

JAMES RING ADAMS

ULTRA-LIBERAL U.S. Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) and arch-conservative businessman Charles Keating joined hands three years ago to help create the savings-and-loan debacle, the biggest congressional scandal of this or any season. Now, as the S&L cost mounts by the hundreds of billions and elections approach, they are doing what comes naturally. They are going on the attack.

Senator Cranston stumped California in mid January to denounce his main accuser as a "liar." One of these lies, said the Senate Majority Whip, was the notion that he and the other "Keating Five" senators—Dennis DeConcini (D., Ariz.), John Glenn (D., Ohio), John McCain (R., Ariz.), and Donald Riegle (D., Mich.)—who met privately with government savings-and-loan regulators in 1987, had in any way delayed the closing of Charles Keating's Lincoln Savings and Loan. (When the government finally did seize Keating's thrift in April 1989, the cost to the taxpayers was put at $2.5 billion.) Cranston's denials apparently have had some effect on none other than ABC's Sam Donaldson. In an episode of *Prime Time Live* rehashing Keating's million-plus in political contributions to Cranston et al., he concluded the money didn't affect the regulators' conduct toward Keating.

Wrong again, Sam. Cranston, his colleagues, and dozens of their compatriots have devastated S&L regulation over the past decade, often in defense of outright crooks. In spite of the intense publicity about the Keating affair, and marathon hearings in U. S. Representative Henry B. Gonzalez's House Banking Committee, few really understand just how Keating's political influence infiltrated and demoralized the bureaucracy. The case illustrates why the S&L debacle grew to such immense proportions, and why it continues to swell to this day.

Most reports set the S&L "rescue" bill at $167 billion, but this is the Treasury's figure for ten years of payments on thirty- to forty-year bonds. Try to get out of your mortgage after paying for only ten years. At current interest rates, the amortization tables show that you'll have paid off only 5 per cent of the principal. The unacknowledged twenty years of paying off the S&L rescue will double and even triple the total cost. And the Treasury's starting price is low; losses at this moment may exceed $225 billion. Paying this bill off through bonds, the only feasible way, will easily run the total past $500 billion. Some observers say it could reach one trillion dollars.

THE TRAGEDY IS that losses could have been cut to one-tenth by timely action all along the line—timely action that still isn't taking place. The tale of how interference by Jim Wright and others prolonged the crisis, and how federal deposit insurance and "deregulation" combined to exacerbate it, has already been told in these pages. [See, *inter alia*, "The Wright Stuff," *NR*, April 21, 1989, and "Too Little, Too Late," May 19, 1989.] But the tale of missed opportunities still continues.

The rescue plan passed last summer was supposed to raise the money to close down the real turkeys. But something has gone wrong. Congress created such cumbersome layers of bureaucracy that decisions can't be made. The previous S&L regulator, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, was run by three directors. The current system of review boards and oversight committees is run by 34. The executive director of this rescue recently quit in disgust. Even worse, the strongman of the

Mr. Adams's book on the S&L scandals, The Big Fix, *is published by John Wiley & Sons.*

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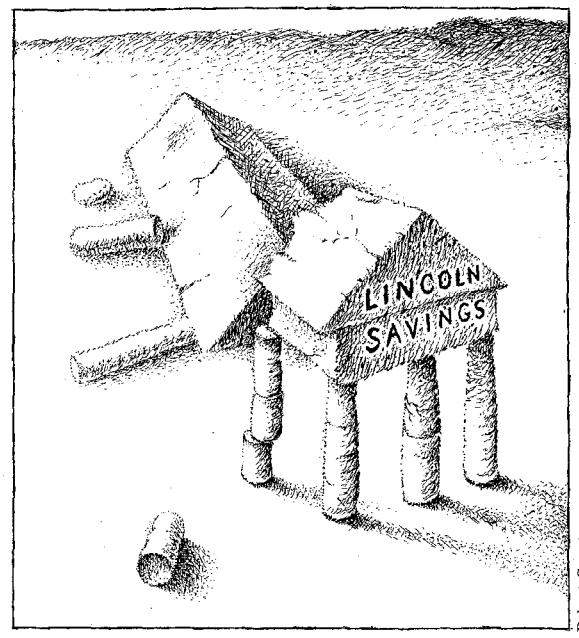
operation, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation Chairman William Seidman, has revived the old practice of keeping the turkeys open, in the absence of funds to put them out of their misery. And now the FDIC has a good chance of going under itself.

Examiners are the regulatory front line, keeping an eye on the most troubled thrifts and banks, which their supervisors are supposed to bring under control if necessary. But often enough examiners have predicted trouble well in advance of a crisis and found that nothing was done. Only rarely can they point to a specific cause. Here is where the Keating Five come in.

In early April 1987, four of the five senators summoned the chief S&L regulator, then chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board Edwin Gray, to a private meeting in the office of Senator DeConcini. A week later Riegle, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, joined them to call in senior supervisors from the Home Loan Bank of San Francisco, which had jurisdiction over Keating's Lincoln Savings and Loan. The supervisors were called on this highly unusual three-thousand-mile journey just as they were recommending that the Bank Board take over Keating's thrift. The senators say they didn't mean to interfere. Yet, interestingly, the supervisors' recommendation didn't take effect for another two years.



Robert Caputo

What went wrong? The Bank Board bureaucrats gave Keating every break, at the expense of destroying their own staff morale. They created an oppressive atmosphere of suspicion and backbiting, and they are still in charge.

Cranston and Sam Donaldson may deny it, but Keating's pull had one immediate effect: it kept Ed Gray from settling the Lincoln case by the end of his term as Bank Board Chairman. As a former executive of a large California thrift, Gray had close ties to the San Francisco Home Loan Bank, which he and many others regarded as the best regulator in the decentralized, 12-district system. William Black, his litigation director, went to the "five-senator meeting" as a member of the San Francisco delegation. If Gray could have brought the Lincoln case to a Bank Board vote, he very likely would have followed San Francisco's request to take it over. But he didn't want yet another controversy in his last weeks, and he left the case to his successor.

In July 1987, M. Danny Wall took over as chairman. The minority staff director of the Senate Banking Committee, Wall seemed the right man to avoid Gray's feuds with Congress. But he may have been too good at it. "The five senators didn't have to have meetings with Danny Wall," said one investigator for the House Banking Committee. "He already knew what they wanted."

In one of his first appointments, Wall brought Darrel W. Dochow from the Seattle District to Washington, D.C., to run the Office of Regulatory Affairs. It was a significant choice from a significant district. According to Dochow's testimony, on September 3, 1987, his third day on the job, the executive director of the Bank Board told him to call San Francisco and have them delay another round of audits at Lincoln. On September 24, he was called to a meeting between the goateed, intense Chairman Wall and Charles Keating himself, beanpole lean and affable, who would drop names from the White House or the Fed while flashing a twinkly smile. Wall asked Dochow to review the San Francisco examination of Keating.

The propriety of this meeting is at least questionable, but Dochow did as he was told. He assigned the review to two assistants, who basically agreed with San Francisco. But San Francisco wanted to slap a cease-and-desist order on Lincoln, while Dochow, warning that a court case could drag on for months, wanted instead to negotiate a "supervisory agreement" with Lincoln, that would be less binding, but take affect immediately.

Meanwhile, he had another meeting with Lincoln, leaving out the San Francisco people. Keating's lawyer made a curious suggestion: Let Lincoln transfer out of the San Francisco District (the 11th) to Dochow's home base, Seattle (the 12th). Keating was plainly shopping for a friendly regulator, or, as his lawyers put it, he was trying to get out of the confrontational atmosphere in San Francisco.

But Seattle objected. Two of Dochow's protégés there said the switch would be a deadly blow to the independence of the district regulators, and anyway Lincoln had too many problems for them. But the idea of moving Lincoln out of San Francisco lived on. Dochow suggested to the Bank Board that his own Office of Regulatory Affairs should itself do a new examination of Lincoln, an almost totally unprecedented event. On May 5, 1988, this was accepted by a vote of two to one. Professionals are still appalled. Former GAO Assistant Comptroller General Frederick Wolf called it "an absolutely terrible message to the industry." But worse was to come.

At first, the ORA examination of Lincoln seemed designed to break down. As part of the process, the Bank Board accepted a "Memorandum of Understanding" (MOU) with Lincoln, which was supposed to make such a clean break with the "confrontational" San Francisco exam that ORA's staff weren't even allowed to

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consult the work papers of their counterparts from two years earlier. When Lincoln received the MOU, goes the story, its executives celebrated with a champagne party. One reveller threw a typewriter out the office window.

Dochow gave overall control of the examination to J. Stephen Scott, a protégé from the Seattle District. Three other examiners in charge (EICs) from other districts handled specific parts of the project. Of these, three drew heavy criticism for their performance. The EIC for "asset classification," judging whether loans were good or not, questioned only $15 million in a portfolio that later was found to contain $900 million in problem assets. Two of Dochow's assistants eventually had to fly to Phoenix to tell him to shape up.

But the heaviest opprobrium fell on Mr. Scott. The most dramatic session in last fall's Gonzalez hearings on Lincoln came when a panel of rank-and-file examiners rose to accuse their superiors of misconduct. Mr. Scott was a primary target. In the course of the exam, said one witness, he seemed to be a "cheerleader" for Lincoln. Scott came to Washington for the hearings but wasn't subpoenaed and declined to talk voluntarily on the advice of his lawyer.

In the course of the examination, said one witness, the examiner seemed to be a cheerleader for Lincoln.

Scott is talking to a lot of lawyers. He is being sued in an unrelated case, along with others from the Seattle District, by an examiner for allegedly trying to cover up her findings. Lisa Walleri of Beaverton, Oregon, says she was wrongfully dismissed as an EIC after resisting an attempt by Scott and his superiors to delete sections of her report; her findings, the case implies, were embarrassing for an experimental thrift bailout organized by the Seattle Home Loan Bank.

FROM THE BEGINNING, an atmosphere close to paranoia engulfed the rank and file of the ORA exam team, now called, none too happily, the "13th District." The fears of a "whitewash" began in the pre-exam orientation sessions in Phoenix, when Scott warned the staff not to discuss Lincoln with people in their home districts. The examiners took precautions. "We found that examiners were keeping personal logs," reports a horrified Kevin T. O'Connell, project supervisor under Dochow, "that's what they do when they think something's wrong." In at least one case, an examiner was trying to forward work papers to a trusted official at the Bank Board through another district office. Dochow himself acknowledges the oppressive atmosphere, saying it came from failures in communication among staff drawn from nine different districts.

A turning point finally occurred by all accounts when California Commissioner of Savings and Loans William Crawford told the Feds in August that he sensed something fishy in Lincoln's "tax-sharing" arrangement with its holding company, American Continental Corporation. Dochow's assistants, O'Connell and Alvin Smuzynski, who emerged as the strong men of the exam, in late August flew in for a meeting with the four EICs and a handful of staff. Dochow himself says this put the examination "back on the right course"—two months into it—by stressing that they "must provide an accurate and defensible report on the current condition of Lincoln—be it good, bad, or ugly." O'Connell says the dinner meeting helped end rank-and-file complaints, although at breakfast the following morning two examiners approached him privately. "Some examiners were very anxious to talk to someone from Washington," he recalls.

O'Connell and Smuzynski brought in experienced investigators from the Chicago District. They uncovered a pattern in which they say Keating and other insiders were draining cash from Lincoln into their own pockets. "Up to that point," said Dochow, "I had believed that the insiders were not illegally using Lincoln for personal benefit." Lincoln's claims of sound health rapidly unraveled. By the end of December, 21 months and perhaps a billion in taxpayers' dollars after the San Francisco office wanted to take over Lincoln, the regulators concluded they would have to seize the company.

DOCHOW TESTIFIED that he had not been lobbied by anyone in Congress during the entire course of the examination. This picture is not quite complete. According to Danny Wall himself, Senators Cranston and DeConcini both stepped in at the very end, asking the Bank Board to approve the sale of Lincoln to a group led by former Congressman John Rousselot (R., Calif.) (A former employee of the John Birch Society, Rousselot makes another strange bedfellow for Cranston.) Sumzynski and O'Connell denounced this sale as a "sham" that wouldn't truly transfer control and included characters who "were not acceptable." But beyond the direct intervention was the attitude—created by the Keating Five meetings and by repeated lobbying by innumerable other members of Congress—that the banking system is fair game for political favors.

Official curiosity about the Lincoln affair does not seem to extend far beyond Chairman Gonzalez and his staff. There has been no discernible internal investigation to follow up the charges of the rank-and-file Lincoln examiners. Stephen Scott is still principal supervisory agent of the Seattle District, and Darrel Dochow remains in charge of regulation for the Office of Thrift Supervison, successor to the defunct Bank Board. Sam Donaldson sees no sign that Keating's contributions influenced the performance of the regulators. And the cost of the savings-and-loan debacle continues to mount. □

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Making the Green One Red

DAVID HOROWITZ

In the two hundred years since the French Revolution, conservatives have been waging a rearguard struggle in defense of freedom against the forces of the radical Left.

It was the events in France that introduced "revolution" into our political vocabulary as a term meaning the absolute break with an existing order and the establishment of a radically new one: a government of Virtue to replace the despotism of Tradition, a religion of Reason to replace religions of Faith, the true order of Nature to replace the artificial system of Society. It was no coincidence, therefore, that the French Revolution also introduced the concept and practice of political terror. For behind the radical impulse is a consciousness alien to all that is human, rejecting the historically given needs and desires of ordinary people—which is why the radical effort to maintain its order always requires radical forces. For a hundred years this political combat has taken the form of an international civil war instigated by the Marxist heirs of Robespierre and Saint-Just against the democratic market societies of the West.

The radical differs from the reformer who seeks only to right particular wrongs; the radical seeks to annihilate the social order itself. His rebellion, in the words of Marx, is "not against any wrong in particular but against wrong as such." It is this radical idea that produces the radical's alienation from humanity.

What can justify the nihilism of the revolutionary agenda? Only a vision of the existing order as totally unjustified, unnatural, destructive. On the eve of Lenin's conquest of power, the German revolutionary Rosa Luxemburg summarized this vision of a radical apocalypse in the slogan "socialism or barbarism"—if mankind did not choose the socialist future, civilization would be destroyed by capitalist barbarism and its imperialist wars.

The apocalyptic claim is the cornerstone of radical politics. If the cause is absolute, everything is permitted, and the real work of revolution can—and must—be carried out with no look back. Thus, in the name of everlasting peace, Marxists wage permanent revolutionary war; in the name of a final human liberation, they enslave entire nations; in the name of ultimate justice, they commit unparalleled crimes.

For more than seventy years this served to justify the destruction of the existing societies behind the iron curtain and to legitimize the institution of the Soviet future. But those seventy years have made Rosa Luxemburg's claim grotesque. Today—from Estonia to Armenia, from Alexanderplatz to Tiananmen Square—the sea of humanity liberated by Marxism itself proclaims: Socialism is barbarism.

Even as its own inhumanity and inefficiency consume revolutionary socialism in the East, however, a specter can be seen rising from its ashes in the West. The colors are no longer red but green, the accents are those of Malthus rather than Marx, but the missionary project is remarkably intact. The planet is still threatened, the present is still condemned, redemption through radical politics still presses. In environmentalism radicals have found a new paradigm for the paradigm lost.

Thus, the official program of France's Green Party echoes Rosa Luxemberg's apocalyptic cry: "The future will be green or will not be at all." The blunt expression of the founder of American "social ecology," Murray Bookchin, exhibits the distinctive accents of the totalitarian voice: "We can't heal the environment without remaking society."

The old radical Adam is back. "From all the knowledge we now have about environmental issues," writes Jonathon Porritt, a spokesman for Britain's Ecology Party and director of Friends of the Earth, "the inevitable conclusion is that our way of life cannot be sustained . . . we cannot go on living as we do now." When he hears politicians say that they care for the environment and thus want to achieve "sustainable growth," it leaves him "spitting with rage." We cannot continue "with [our] same material living standard and at the same time be warriors on behalf of the planet."

Thus radical ecology leads to the familiar threat. "We in the West have the standard of living we do only because we are so good at stripping the Earth of its resources and oppressing the rest of the world's people in order to maintain that wealth." To achieve ecological balance means "progressively narrowing the gap to reduce the differences between the Earth's wealthiest and poorest inhabitants," until there are "more or less equal shares for all people."

Karl Marx described this prescription aptly 150 years ago:

> Primitive Communism is only the culmination of . . . envy and leveling down . . . How little this abolition of private property represents a genuine appropriation is shown by [its] abstract negation of the whole world of culture and civilization, and [its] regression to the unnatural simplicity of the poor, rough man without wants, who has not only not surpassed private property but has not yet even attained to it.

Eco-socialism is barbarism.

David Brower, the founder of Porritt's organization, departed some years ago to create the even more left-wing Earth Island Institute in Berkeley. Last June, Brower took his place alongside Daniel Ortega as co-sponsor of the Fourth Biennial meeting of the International Congress on the Hope and Fate of the Earth in Managua. One thousand delegates from more than seventy nations met to denounce the United States and the other imperialist predators of the free world, and to launch a new movement of "solidarity environmentalism." According to a report in *Brower's*: "The consensus at the Congress was that 'solidarity environmentalism' is the only kind that makes sense. . . . Would George Bush and Margaret Thatcher be able to call themselves environmentalists if the effort to protect the ozone layer and stop global warming was

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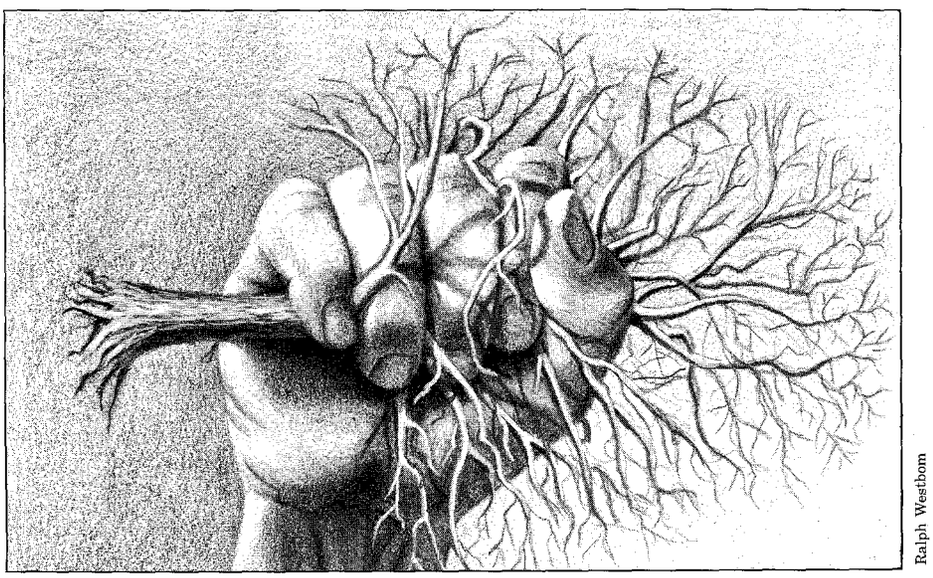
linked to the Third World movement's demands for a new, more equitable international economic system, an end to the Third World debt, and curbs on the free action of multinational corporations?"

In Managua the political symbolism of the Green united front was all in place: Swedish social democracy, British Eco-socialism, Third World Marxism–Leninism, and American Auto-Nihilism. This development reflects the fact that the Green movement has grown to its present dimensions out of the crisis of the Left—in particular the necessity of establishing a face-saving distance from the catastrophe of Marx-



Ralph Westbom

ist liberation in the socialist bloc. To avoid the taint of the socialist past, the Green parties of Europe constantly emphasize that their movement is "neither Left nor Right," and distinguish the "politics of ecology" from the "politics of industrialism" (i.e., of economic growth), which characterizes both capitalist and socialist societies. But from a historical perspective, it would be more accurate to say that the Green movement is a phenomenon of both Left and Right, uniting the two traditions of radical totalitarian revolt against liberal order in the twentieth century: Communism and fascism.

The fascist roots of the Green movement are well known. National Socialists were naturists long before the post-Khruschev Left discovered ecology, and the Nazis have been justly described as "the first radical environmentalists in charge of a state." Indeed the enthronement of biological imperatives, of the virtues of blood and soil and the primitive communities of the Volk, the pagan rejection of the Judaeo-Christian God, and the radical anti-humanism featured in the philosophy of the Greens are more obviously derivative of fascist than Marxist political traditions. But despite tensions between the deep ecologists of the environmental right wing and the eco-socialists of its left wing, they are indissolubly joined in the embrace of a single illusion: the gnostic idea that humanity has been alienated from its natural self and that its redemption can be achieved by political means; the idea that implies a declaration of war by a chosen few against the historical existence of all.

The liberation of humanity in the sense of a restoration of its natural self is a myth. The reality is an assault on humanity as we know it. What motivates radicals is not compassion for the lost soul of mankind, but the hatred of human beings as they are.

Ironically, it is this antagonism to common humanity that, through the cunning of history, has proved to be the radicals' current undoing. In the name of injustice done to the proletariat, Marxists were able to carry out their works of destruction. But once in power, Marxism—like fascism—exploited, oppressed, and ruined the masses it claimed to liberate. The radical enterprise succumbed to the gravitational pull of human nature, which even massive doses of repression could not undo. The very victims in whose name its assault was carried out have now rejected it, so Marxism can no longer invoke their suffering to justify its destructive agendas. This is the real crisis of the radical Left—and environmentalism is its solution.

This is the truly new element in the Green revolution: a constituency—nature—that cannot speak for itself. The conflict between vanguard and victim that has plagued generations of the Left has been thus eliminated. What remains is the hubris of the radical remnant, the self-chosen saviors for whom the human condition is not a reality we must come to terms with, but material which we must approach as gods and redeemers to subdue and transform.

What then is the conservative response to the environmental crisis and the radical threat? Conservativism is an anti-gnostic, anti-revolutionary attitude that accepts the fallen, unequal, alienated state of mankind and seeks to preserve the conditions of culture and freedom that human enterprise and moral imagination have created. The fact that conservatives recognize and accept the problematic nature of human existence does not mean that they embrace a passive attitude toward the problems of human societies. On the contrary, their authentic concern about the fate and welfare of real human beings is attested by their two hundred year struggle in defense of freedom. But now that the Left lies defeated on the plain of battle, they must re-emphasize the active side of the conservative project, accepting their responsibility as captains of the ship of state. For, as Burke admonished: "A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation."

CONSERVATIVES SHOULD should not surrender the defense of the environment to the Left, any more than we should surrender the defense of the Republic or of human rights to their historic enemies. Conservatives must not be blindly reactionary, conceiving their role merely as a negative force—a check on radical hubris. We should not be afraid of the costs necessary to defend the environment, as a foundation of our communal health and human heritage. Not all growth is good. Metastasis is growth too. Nor is every event that calls itself a revolution bad. Two hundred years ago, conservatives took the lead in the American revolution to preserve their rights as Englishmen; today, they should take the lead in the reforms necessary to preserve the environment as well. □

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No Banking on Brady

ROBERT STOWE ENGLAND

EXACTLY ONE YEAR AGO the promise of major debt relief in yet another Third World debt plan was fresh and, briefly, credible. Euphoria seized the capitals of debtor nations, overshadowing the long-running gloom of the debt crisis. Today the promise of that plan, named for Treasury Secretary Nicholas F. Brady, has evaporated even before half the troubled debtors have completed negotiations under its umbrella.

Like the Baker Plan before it, the Brady Plan has fallen victim to the hard realities of skeptical bankers and wayward debtor nations. This leaves the outlook for most debtor countries bleaker than ever. And American and other industrial-world taxpayers are on the hook for an even greater share of the bad loans should the house of cards that is propping up the corrupt socialist economies of the big debtors finally collapse.

Under the Brady Plan the debtor countries were to receive a generous mark-down in commercial-bank debts and new loans after pledging to enact macroeconomic and free-market reforms that would put them back on the road to prosperity. With final results in from Mexico and the Philippines, it's now possible to judge the Brady Plan on its results. Guess what? In neither country is there a clear net reduction in debt. Instead, commercial debt has been replaced—almost dollar for dollar—by debt backed by Western governments, and therefore by Western taxpayers.

What went wrong? The problems began at the plan's inception. The authors of the plan—Treasury's David Mulford and Charles Dallara—must have had "holes in their heads if they thought it would work," says Bill Dale, former deputy managing director of the IMF from 1962 to 1984. Dale says Treasury ignored a basic rule of the world's free-banking system, that a bank can rarely offer new loans at the same time that old loans are being marked down. It would be throwing good money after bad, since the new loans would immediately be worth only as much as those marked down.

By asking banks to assume risks that a prudent banker would avoid, the Brady Plan, in effect, has been asking banks to act as if they had been nationalized and made an arm of governmental policy. Without government guarantees, this would push some banks toward insolvency and create new losses for others. The banks, under pressure to mark down loans, naturally pleaded for more guarantees. Extending guarantees in this situation helps the banks, to be sure, but it also increases the liabilities of the industrial world's taxpayers.

When Brady first unveiled his plan, Mulford hinted there *would* be interest guarantees, presumably from the World Bank. But, at the World Bank/IMF semi-annual meeting in the spring of 1989 in Washington, the idea of guarantees was set back when the finance ministers of Britain and West Germany opposed relying too heavily on them. This healthy dose of realism boxed in the Brady Plan somewhat and made it more likely that its flaws would be exposed in the negotiating process between the banks and the troubled debtor nations.

That the Brady Plan has been taken seriously by policy-makers and leading banks suggests that the game of debt charades has been played so successfully for so long that the orchestrators of the charade have become reckless. The latest charade is that commercial banks have to mark down debts based on the hollow promises of Third World leaders, while Western governments, the World Bank, and the IMF insist that their own loans are worth full value and should remain untouched. For to admit that official loans should be marked down would only alert the parliaments and taxpayers of the industrial nations of the true extent of their liabilities.

The World Bank reported in its latest Debt Tables that the total debt of the developing world had reached $1.2 trillion in 1989, double the level of 1980. About half of this, $621 billion, is problem debt. Of that amount about $338 billion is owed to commercial banks by 19 so-called "severely indebted middle-income countries," most of them in Latin America. Public officials and even some bankers have camouflaged these stark realities with high-sounding rhetoric about commercial banks' public duty, the desperate plight of the debtor nations, and the secure priority creditor position of the official lenders.

BUT THE BRADY PLAN has failed to recognize what Western finance ministers and IMF and World Bank policy-makers surely must have known for some time: the clout of the commercial banks had been growing to the point that they could no longer be intimidated by arm-twisting finance ministers and debtor nations threatening to stop payments. As long as it looked like the international banking system was in jeopardy, the banks were willing to make new loans to debtors against their best business instincts. Gradually, however, the balance of power in the struggle between creditors and debtors has tilted toward the creditors. As the banks have gained strength by building reserves and building new loan portfolios on more solid ground, the debtors have been weakened even further by failing to stick to promised reforms or taking such halting steps toward reform that they create public pain without economic gain. Argentina, for example, promised to reduce its enormous budget deficit by cutting ruinous subsidies to its money-losing state enterprises, especially its disastrous transportation sector. This proved politically difficult, so Argentina backed down.

In 1987 Citicorp was the first bank to begin winding up its own debt charade by setting aside funds for troubled Third World debts. Since then nearly all banks have followed suit. As the value of Third World loans on the secondary market plunged last year, the pace of the banks' reserve building quickened. In September of last year the process reached a watershed when

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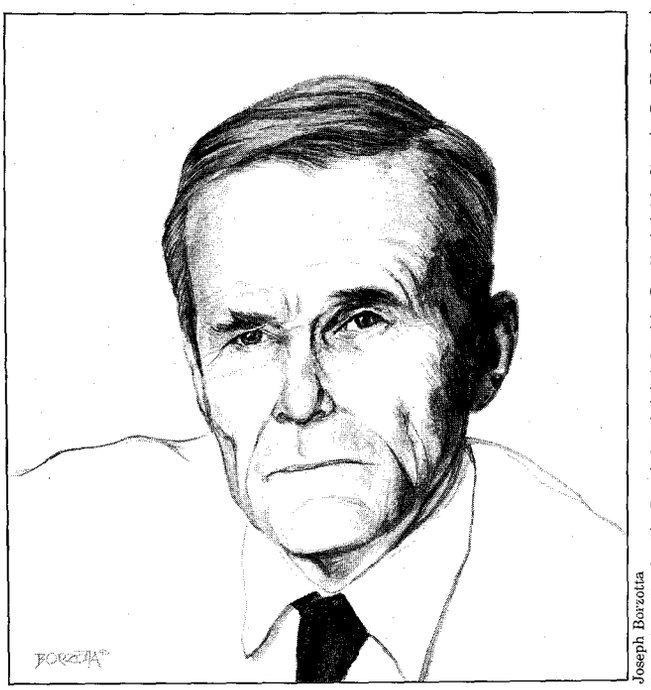
J. P. Morgan & Company effectively declared its total independence from the debt problem by setting aside reserves equal to 100 per cent of its troubled loans. While officially dour about having to increase reserves and declare a loss to shareholders, Morgan's chairman Lewis Preston must have been dancing on his desk inside the executive suite and shouting, "Free at last!" In February the Japanese banks finally came to terms with their growing Third World debt problem and set aside funds to cover a full 70 per cent of such debts.

NOW THE BANKS can afford to admit the truth: *Most troubled debtor countries are basically bankrupt and can never pay back their loans*. Unfortunately there is no international version of America's Chapter 11 proceedings. Nor is there a world bankruptcy court to handle the sticky disputes. So the debt workouts will remain messy.

The growing disengagement of the banks from the debt crisis means that the most threatening phase of the crisis is over. It even offers some hope. The growing reserves give the banks the ability to strike write-off deals with debtors. It also gives them more leeway to require that debtors demonstrate by performance a reformed economy and credit record, rather than simply relying on promises of reform and credit worthiness. But the crisis remains for unwary Western taxpayers. With little or no new commercial-bank lending in the offing, it appears likely that the IMF and World Bank will take on a greater and greater role in the coming years, further increasing the chances that some major debtors will default on these official taxpayer-backed loans. They plan to lend $20 to $25 billion in the next five years for debt reduction alone.

The shifting of the debt burden from private to public hands is most dramatic in the 19 major troubled debtors identified by the World Bank. In 1980, for example, 33 per cent of their combined $196 billion in long-term debts was owed to governments or other official lenders, while 67 per cent was held by commercial banks; by 1989 the public-debt portion of the World Bank 19 had risen to 42 per cent of $441 billion in long-term debt, and the private portion had fallen to 58 per cent. The public liability is greater than these figures suggest, however, because more and more *private* debt is being guaranteed by governments. The proportion of both private and public debt guaranteed by governments or official lenders rose from 77 per cent in 1980 to 92 per cent in 1989. Thus, the chances that taxpayers will be called upon to pay the piper has dramatically increased.

Thankfully, the debtor nations have, to a large extent, given the World Bank and IMF top priority on repayment. But as the lending burden shifts to them, chances of default grow. Thus, Congress has made each requested IMF and World Bank capital increase more difficult. The Bush Administration will have to wage a strong battle for this year's big requested increase in IMF funds.



Joseph Borzotta

Technically, then, the Brady Plan is not dead. It will stumble along, if only because there are World Bank and IMF funds available for debt relief to the remaining debtors like Brazil, Argentina, and Venezuela. The results of negotiations between these nations and their creditors will likely be no net debt relief, with a net gain in liability for the Western world's taxpayers, as more commercial-bank loans are replaced by loans from the World Bank and IMF. The outlook is further clouded by a disenchantment in Brazil and Argentina with such effective debt-relief schemes as debt-equity swaps, and the lack of sufficient funds to buy off large chunks of old debts at a discount. In both countries debt-equity swaps have been criticized as a state-subsidized sell-out of public properties to foreigners.

Troubled nations *can* emerge from this morass successfully. The bad news is that it is the non-democratic governments that have made the most progress among the 19 troubled debtors. Former Chilean military dictator Augusto Pinochet did what Latin strongmen have usually failed to do, embrace free markets and strict, on-time payment of loans. Before turning over power to a democratically elected president in December 1989, Chile reduced its debt from $16 billion in 1983 to $6.4 billion. This has been accomplished by debt-equity swaps and debt buy-backs at a discount, accompanied by regular on-time loan payments and steadfast free-market, monetary, and fiscal reforms. In a few years Chile will probably be able to re-enter the credit markets as a customer in good standing. Progress is also being made in what has largely been a one-party state, Mexico, which may avoid the great day of debt reckoning that's coming for the hard cases. The recent successes there, including a growing economy and the repatriation of some flight capital, are due primarily to policy changes enacted by the new administration. But President Carlos Salinas risks splitting his ruling party in half and ushering in a leftist government if his reforms fail. Similarly, chances are slim that democracies in Brazil, Argentina, and other troubled debtors can muster the political will to overcome the crisis.

THE FAILURES of the Brady Plan offer some hope that next time it will be even harder to sell any debt-relief scheme based on imagined duties, dire straits, and hollow promises—and not on market realities. Nevertheless, Western taxpayers must remain wary. The latest charade may be exposed, but the game of Third World debt charades goes on and on and on. □

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NIRVANA WATCH

Paganism, American Style

JOHN WAUCK

After the the ceremonial dagger, black-mass vestments, phallic candles, and human bone earrings, the black cat wasn't strictly necessary, but there it was, basking in the windowless gloom at the back of The Magickal Childe, Manhattan's so-called "hard-core New Age" store.

How do you describe a place where you find the popular, quasi-Christian book *A Course in Miracles* and, gazing out from the cover of her latest best-seller, the blissful Shirley Maclaine next to the satanic rituals of Aleister Crowley (the century's most renowned devil-worshipper) and books like *Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture*? Or what do you say of Samuel Weiser's, the East Coast's largest New Age bookstore, where the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius* stand alongside books about massage, Tantric yoga, and crystals and "classics" like *On Becoming a Musical, Mystical, Bear: Spirituality American-style*, by Matthew Fox, the Dominican priest recently silenced by the Vatican? In the New Age, anything "spiritual" goes.

Tommy Chong (formerly of Cheech and Chong, now a New Age celebrity) told *New Frontier*: "New Age is getting high without drugs, really. You can't do drugs. . . . But in order to enjoy the same kind of lifestyle, we go to the New Age, because we attain the spiritual awareness without artificial means." Hey, far out.

Last year's three-day "Healing Mother Earth" exposition in Manhattan was the biggest New Age fair east of the Mississippi. Although there was a notable hippie presence (spaced-out aquarians in tie-died shirts and all-cotton smocks), not all New Agers are ex-potheads from California. Entering the Expo (held in a hotel reeking of incense and curry from the special New Age cafeteria) was like walking into a Middle Eastern bazaar. Dark-skinned fellows in vibrant outfits lounged in countless booths. Everywhere you looked, there were crystals and gems to balance tottering psyches. Indian music and an atmosphere of comic fraud filled the air. For $10 you could enjoy the wisdom imparted through "Bio-Feed Back [sic] Field Photography." In this process, your head is photographed with a special camera, and the developed picture reveals multicolored lights emanating from your cranium. The photo is then "read" to provide insights into your personality and mood: if your halo is yellow that means you have a, yes, "sunny" disposition. Better still was the IM-1 (instant meditation) exhibit. You put on earphones, what look like oversized sunglasses, and recline on a lawn chair. While soothing sounds fill your ears, the "glasses" flash images on your eyes—instant meditation! But my favorite booth was the one selling Super Blue–Green Algae. The algae-monger handed me a flyer with notices about "AIDS and Algae" and a hard-sell pitch from the algae itself: "I am the immortal descendant of the original life form. . . . So, partake of my immortal body each day. Eat three billion years of cell memory and a concentration of protective nutrients. Renew your own health, renew your connection with your sisters and brothers in the Third World."

How is it possible that, while religious agnosticism runs rampant, credulity runs amok? The New Agers are not yokels. For the most part, the people at the New York expo were college-educated, middle-class Americans. In fact, the New Age is an extremely "literate," bookish phenomenon. You don't pick up Eastern mysticism on the street.

It was in the university that C. S. Lewis set *That Hideous Strength*, his novel about academic researchers who turn to the occult. We seem to be in the age Lewis was describing in 1943:

> Despair of objective truth had been increasingly insinuated into the scientists; indifference to it, and a concentration on mere power, had been the result. Babble about the *élan vital* and flirtations with panpsychism were bidding fair to restore the *Anima Mundi* of the magicians. Dreams of the far future destiny of man were dragging up from its shallow and unquiet grave the old dream of Man as God.

This dream is central to the New Age movement. One typical New Age magazine, *Master of Life*, offers "tools and teachings to create your own reality." The New Age movement is not about discovering reality but about making it; it is about power rather than truth.

Lending an intellectual veneer to the New Age is the parallel and sometimes overlapping Joseph Campbell craze, fired largely by the late scholar of comparative religion's interview-book with Bill Moyers, aptly named *The Power of Myth*. One of Campbell's famous / notorious credos is "Follow your bliss." As one man's bliss may be another man's horror, you might think that this pseudo-profundity is taken out of context, but no, that is really what Campbell teaches: follow your bliss, whatever it is—an essentially amoral view that dovetails with the promiscuous transcendentalism of the New Age. Campbell tells of asking a famous Hindu guru: "How should we say no to brutality, to stupidity, to vulgarity, to thoughtlessness?" and receiving the reply: "For you and for me—the way is to say yes," with which Campbell agrees.

Ultimately, this "affirmation" is not much different from despair, and the followers of Campbell and the followers of Nietzsche can agree on this: when there is no objective scale of value, you (Nietzschean *ubermensch*, Campbellian hero, or New Age "master of reality") must create your own values. What you choose doesn't matter, as long as *you* choose it.

Needless to say, it is possible to be profoundly spiritual and profoundly evil. The alarming rise of satanism and witchcraft are the dark side of the New Age revival of the occult. Certain types of rock music make free use of satanic imagery, and many troubled teenagers, both in the U.S. and in Europe, are attracted to satanic cults. In an effort to empower women and fight patriarchy, some academic feminists are trying to rehabilitate witchcraft, politely referred to as the "folk religion" Wicca. Last year, at

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Mr. Wauck is a contributing editor of The Human Life Review.

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Shannon Jeffries

Harvard's Sanders Auditorium, Mary Daly, professor of theology at Jesuit-run Boston College, led an "International Hexing" followed by a "celebration of ecstasy." In this "dramatic indictment of gynocide," Professor Daly rounded up the usual suspects ("the accused" under indictment include "priests, pornographers, academics, rapists, serial killers") and invited all "wild witches" to "expose and condemn the massacre of Women's minds, bodies and spirits." Where's Cotton Mather when you need him?

We are living out the contradictions built into positivistic materialism. If you believe that man is purely material, then you must eventually conclude that pure matter can know, think, feel, and love as men obviously do. Thus, positivistic materialism makes matter "spiritual." Before long, spiritual powers are assigned to rocks and trees, and soon you're off with the Iriquois learning, as a New Age manual on shamanism puts it, "to use natural objects to deepen your personal connection with Earth energies."

Likewise, devotion to the modern ideal of reason often leads to skepticism about truth, and ultimately—as seen in the academic fad of deconstructionism—a skepticism toward reason itself. A diet of the polite skepticism that passes for wisdom leaves most souls spiritually malnourished. It seems, one way or another, people will believe in the supernatural.

The spiritual vacuum left by positivist reason and the decline of mainline religion has been filled by a paganism which was never far below the surface of Western civilization—a perfect illustration of Chesterton's dictum: "When men stop believing in God, they don't believe in nothing; they believe in anything." One evening of television is enough to render fatuous the idea that our culture is too sophisticated for pagan superstitions. And the little learning that our educational system provides can be a dangerous thing. If God is passé (as so much of academia preaches or implies), then the products of this education, having despaired of finding an objective truth, will seek "spiritual" fulfillment elsewhere. Anywhere.

If the New Age movement can be said to have a political agenda, it is not as syncretistic as its spiritual agenda. The door of the Magickal Childe cautions the prospective customer: "If you are a bigot: racially, religiously, ethnically, sexually, or otherwise—F--- Off!" At the Healing Mother Earth Expo, the Christic Institute distributed a flyer outlining the crimes of Ollie North. Environmentalism, if not outright nature worship, was a common theme, represented by Greenpeace and others seeking to save rain forests, dolphins, and whales. This side of gnostic paganism is nothing new. When god is in everything, man loses his privileged place in the universe. Trees and animals acquire "rights." Influenced by Manicheanism, St. Augustine fell for the same gnostic conservationism back in the fourth century: "And I believed, poor wretch, that more mercy was to be shown to the fruits of the earth than to men, for whose use they were created."

Many of today's New Age groups trace their roots to Madame Blavatsky's turn-of-the-century Theosophical Society. In those days, occult spiritualism was attracting such celebrities as Arthur Conan Doyle and W. B. Yeats—the Shirley Maclaines of their day? One of Blavatsky's disciples, Alice Bailey, was already referring to "the New Age" in the 1920s. Some esoterica are perennial: interest in astrology, tarot cards, Eastern religions and communication with the dead, whether by seances or channeling.

What is new is the lingering spiritual upheaval of the Sixties, which left a lot of traditional views in shambles, without offering much to replace them, and the American-style marketing of the occult. Despite the overtones and paraphernalia of Oriental mysticism, there is something quintessentially American about the New Age. Perhaps it's the hucksterism, the hype and the "power of positive thinking," brand of self-help: Norman Vincent Peale meets the Mahareeshi.

THE MASS APPEAL of the New Age is clearly not in what one would call religion. At the Healing Mother Earth Expo, the hard-core religious hawkers—the gurus, past-life regressors, Oriental mystics, etc.—were mostly ignored while the good old American self-improvement booths were mobbed. There was something for everyone—weight loss, stress management, a better golf swing. Sun Tzu's *Art of War*—the cultured yuppie's Taoist guide to power—is marketed by the New Age publisher Shambhala. Confucius say: "Get Rich Quick!"

Crystals and channeling are already on their way out and will probably remain cultural marginalia along with tarot cards and Ouija boards, but the broader combination of pagan gnosticism and American capitalism may be hard to beat. The true danger of the New Age is its conflation of "spirituality," power, and goodness, and its inability to make moral distinctions, which can so easily lead to the embrace of evil in the name of some lofty ideal. □

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The More Things Change . . .

RUSSELL KIRK

FOR THE PAST three decades and more, sociological studies of the recrudescence of conservatism in America have been coming from the press. The authors of such books commonly look upon this phenomenon as an abnormality. How to account for the breaking out afresh of this plague?

Jerome Himmelstein, although himself a stereotypical liberal, instructs us that other sociologists have misunderstood the conservative revival. Unlike them, he does not believe the Right is marginal to American politics. In this he separates himself from such observers as Daniel Bell, who pronounced in 1963 that "what the right wing is fighting, in the shadow of Communism, is essentially 'modernity.'"

Commenting on Bell's remark, Himmelstein writes: "This last word, *modernity*, sums up the attitude of a generation of sociologists . . . [about] the Right as a political force. Modernity implies something monolithic and inexorable, the inescapable result of overwhelming forces of change. To revolt against modernity is a futile gesture. To regard the Right, therefore, as a 'revolt against modernity'—a phrase that recurs often in sociological writing—is to dismiss it as a political force of long-term significance."

To the Right: The Transformation of American Conservatism, by Jerome L. Himmelstein (University of California Press, 301 pp., $25)

Mr. Himmelstein does not so dismiss it. How can he, given the fact that conservative forces have won five out of the past six presidential elections? He denies that a general political realignment has occurred in the United States, yet, with conservative policies predominant in the executive branch of the national government, he concedes that *something* has happened, and that yesteryear's liberalism no longer charms.

What is this "transformation" of American conservatism that Himmelstein alludes to in his subtitle? On this question he is less than lucid, but it has something to do with a "reconstructed ideology," and with other changes discussed below. These developments account for the election of Republican Presidents, and the temporary frustration of the liberal impulse. For, "put simply, Americans are symbolically conservative but substantively liberal."

Mr. Himmelstein employs the word "ideology," correctly enough, in the signification Marx assigned to it: that is, a pseudo-philosophical, rhetorical veil that conceals but advances the economic interests of a class; a disingenuous apology for aggrandizement and exploitation. Himmelstein does not use "ideology" as a synonym for "principles" or "ideas"; nay, he endeavors to ignore altogether the possibility that conservatism embodies serious, honest thinking.

The names of Robert Nisbet, Eric Voegelin, Leo Strauss, and other leading conservative thinkers are missing from the book's index, although their names do appear—once. "[I]n the late 1940s and 1950s [among those] who influenced the developing conservative synthesis were Leo Strauss, Eric Voegelin, Robert Nisbet, Russell Kirk, and Richard Weaver, to name but a few." With the exception of Weaver, these writers are merely named, and we are told nothing more about them or their doctrines.

For that matter, Himmelstein forthrightly denies that today's conservatism has any roots whatsoever: "One also ought not to be seduced by the kind of intellectual history that sees an unchanging conservatism extending back over the generations . . . American conservatism as we know it is neither brand-new nor timeless; it has a history of some three decades."

Mr. Himmelstein professes not to know why or how the opponents of New Deal liberalism ceased to call themselves individualists and began to wear the label "conservatives." (He notes that William F. Buckley Jr. did not call himself a conservative when, in 1951, *God and Man at Yale* was published; but that when NATIONAL REVIEW began publication in 1955, Mr. Buckley called his magazine "a conservative journal of opinion.") What formative event intervened? In 1953 a book entitled *The Conservative Mind* appeared. Why did its author, unnamed in Mr. Himmelstein's index, use the word then?

Himmelstein treats Frank Meyer and Richard Weaver at some length as forgers of a fresh conservative ideology. He endeavors to trace the development of the "Old Right" into "The New Right: Conservatism Triumphant," culminating in Ronald Reagan's election to the Presidency. But is this Himmelstein's "transformation"? According to Himmelstein himself, it isn't: "The most striking characteristic of the New Right was its continuity with the older conservative movement . . . Differences between the New Right and the Old Right were usually superficial."

No, Himmelstein goes on to relate, the transformation of American conservatism was worked by three phenomena of the late 1970s and early 1980s: "the rise of the New Religious Right, the conservative mobilization of big business, and the revival of the Republican Party."

Possessing small knowledge of the several Christian churches, Himmelstein exaggerates the political power of television preachers and much underestimates the power of conservative convictions among Roman Catholics. (Incidentally, since 1950 approximately half the members of most American conservative organizations have been Catholic—something of which Himmelstein seems perfectly unaware.) Ardent participation by Christians in politics results for the most part from well-justified resentment of court decisions and legislative enactments preventing prayer in pub-

Mr. Kirk is the president of the Wilbur Foundation and author of the forthcoming book The Conservative Constitution *(Regnery Gateway).*

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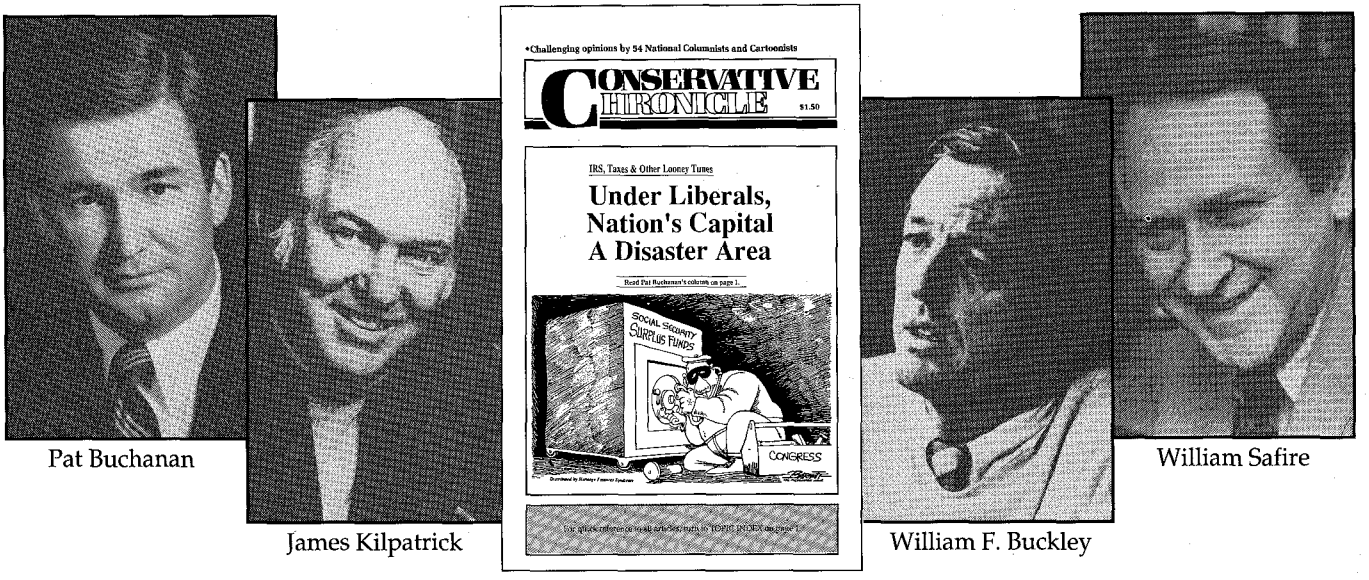

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lic schools, interfering with the conduct of Christian schools, legalizing abortion-on-demand, and in other ways upsetting the old balance between church and state in America. The combined influence of Catholics and evangelical Protestants on the abortion question has certainly induced Republican politicians, in many states, to fight shy of the "pro-choice" zealots; otherwise, this reviewer discerns no transformation of conservative approaches by aroused Christians.

On the subject of mobilizing corporate conservatism, Himmelstein is more interesting and more detailed. "The political mobilization of big business in the mid-1970s gave conservatives greater access to money and channels of political influence," he writes. "These helped turn conservative personnel into political leaders and advisors, and conservative ideas, especially economic ones, into public policy."

Now certainly business executives took alarm at the decline of the American economy under Jimmy Carter, and tended, many of them, to turn to Ronald Reagan and the Republicans for remedy. But did this tendency transform the conservative movement? And, except for the growth or creation of conservative think-tanks, did it significantly reinforce the conservatives financially?

Although Himmelstein writes of mobilizing "corporate" money, in actuality a great part of the resources to which he refers is derived not from business or industry directly, but from large charitable foundations: e.g. Scaife, John Olin, Smith–Richardson. Yet, emulating the Ford Foundation, most large foundations remain obdurately liberal in their policies—a fact Himmelstein neglects to mention. Nor does he remark that most corporations have neither political theory nor ideology, preferring not to be bothered at all with politics.

The third phenomenon of this transformation, Himmelstein argues, is "The New Republican Edge." He observes that "the Republican Party made significant gains in the late 1970s and early 1980s, and this resurgence of course redounded to the benefit of the conservative movement." No doubt, but did that series of victories transform the conservative movement, except in the sense that the excutive force, the White House circle, turned more or less conservative?

In his epilogue, Mr. Himmelstein comforts such readers as have persevered so far by the reflection that "the forward momentum of conservatism was largely exhausted" by the end of the Reagan Administration, "and hence the prospects of the Right making further major gains seemed slight." He expects the New Right, the Religious Rights, and Corporate Conservatism to decline in vigor. Yet he does not venture to predict the dissolution of the conservative movement.

This confused book is afflicted by various evasions and omissions. For instance, one might confidently have expected Himmelstein to explicitly discuss that faction of the movement

Gary Underhill

called *neoconservatism*. Yet he employs that term not at all, and resorts to its adjectival form only twice or thrice. Is the reader to infer that the alleged transformation of conservatism has been so thorough that we all are neoconservatives now? Where is the evidence? (Certainly not in the academy. Is there a college or university campus on which neoconservatism has actually left a mark?) Were Himmelstein to attend any large gathering of conservatives today, he might find that traditionalists, libertarians, and neoconservatives stand at sword points. At least this book might have been more interesting had he analyzed the neoconservative faction that arose, chiefly among Jews, and principally in New York. According to Michael Novak, who professes himself a Papist neocon, *in toto* the neoconservatives are but sixty in number. Is it this Sacred Band which is supposed to have transformed American conservatism? If so, it is odd that the names of Norman Podhoretz and his consort are absent from text, from index, and from bibliography.

But an even more significant evasion is Himmelstein's insufficient examination of the Democratic Party's decay—particularly that party's affliction with what Gordon Chalmers called "disintegrated liberalism."

Mr. Himmelstein quite rightly observes that there has not yet come to pass any permanent realignment of the general public with respect to conservative or liberal preferences or prejudices. The word, the symbol *conservative* has triumphed over the word, the symbol *liberal*, yet most voters seem unable or unwilling to connect these general attitudes toward politics with their choices of candidates for Congress or for state legislatures. During the prolonged campaigns for nomination and election in presidential contests, the public grows aware of differences of principle among candidates, and, consequently, the more conservative candidates are recognized and elected. But in elections to legislative bodies the major issues often become blurred, local or particular interests loom large, and the degree of a candidate's conservatism or liberalism may count for little.

This is not altogether regrettable: like the British, the American electorate is not basically ideological, so we are ordinarily spared the politics of fanaticism. Still, in a time when great and irrevocable decisions must be made, it is not well that executive and legislative branches of a national government should be at loggerheads. Nor would it be well for either a liberal or a conservative *ideology* to triumph: for ideology is the negation of prudence and the foe of imagination—this despite the eagerness of some, such as Irving Kristol and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, to fashion an ideology for us.

Conservatism in America has not been an ideology, but rather a drift, a movement, a loose league of people who prefer the devil they know to the devil they don't. They have resisted the menace of what Tocqueville called "democratic despotism," particularly in the form of the omnicompetent state that would keep its citizens in perpetual childhood. They have set their

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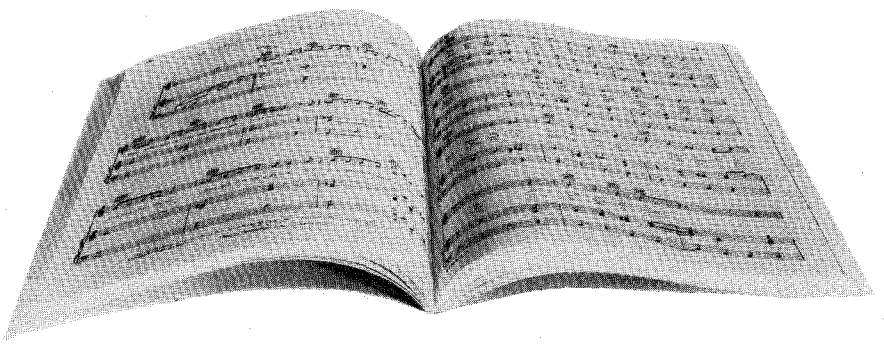

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faces against Soviet imperialism and against the armed doctrine of Communism. They have, in Mr. Himmelstein's words, "decried the decline of the traditional family and traditional moral values and the rise of a secular, hedonistic culture. They have called Americans back to a moral consensus about the good and the true."

However that may be, Himmelstein objects, "Conservatives have won important symbolic battles but have failed to alter the practical political sentiments of Americans. Those who oppose conservatism—whether they call themselves liberals, progressives, populists, or something else—are often more in tune with these practical sentiments but have failed to articulate an effective political vision."

There is a good deal of substance in such an analysis. Keener imagination than is represented by the Republican Party's conservative impulses will be required if this nation is to preserve and renew the permanent things. In this tremendous hour when the world revolts against the consequences of the Marxist ideology, we do well to move to the right. Transformation of American conservatism is greatly to be hoped for; it is yet to occur. □

Jonah Speaks

BRIAN MITCHELL

ONE VIETNAM movie we can bet Oliver Stone will never make is the story of our American prisoners of war. It certainly won't be for want of material. Many books have been written by former POWs. All are inspiring, frightful, heart-rending, glori-

Chained Eagle, by Everett Alvarez Jr. and Anthony S. Pitch (Donald I. Fine, 320 pp., $18.95)

ous accounts of man at his best and worst.

Every American ought to read at least one book about our POWs. For those who fear reading such a book would prove too depressing or too intense, the book to read is *Chained Eagle* by Everett Alvarez Jr. and Anthony S. Pitch.

Alvarez was a 26-year-old Navy attack-jet pilot when he was shot down over North Vietnam on August 5, 1964, the day after President Johnson ordered reprisals against the North for allegedly attacking two American warships in the Gulf of Tonkin. Alvarez himself had provided air support to the warships during the alleged attack, and in *Chained Eagle* he calls into question the popular notion that the incident was deliberately staged by the U.S. to provide an excuse to attack North Vietnam. From Alvarez's own testimony and the official records he uses to reconstruct the event, it appears the warships were indeed not under attack by North Vietnamese patrol boats but honestly thought they were, having misinterpreted sonar signals in the confusion of a black and violent midnight squall. Hours after the event, Navy officials were already doubting the attack had occurred, but Johnson's overhasty response obligated everyone to say it had.

Lisa Haney

Alvarez had his own doubts about the incident when he was shot down, but his captors never pressed him on the matter and in the eight and a half years he spent as a POW, it caused him little worry. He was not the first American captured or the longest held. That honor went to Army Captain Jim Thompson, who was captured in South Vietnam five months earlier. But Thompson wasn't known among the many American aviators who followed Alvarez into captivity. To them, Alvarez was the first, the eminent old pro, the legendary grandfather of them all.

When Alvarez finally returned home in January 1973, his parents were separated, his sister was in league with Jane Fonda, and his wife had divorced him and remarried (he had found out two Christmases earlier). The nerves in his arms were permanently damaged by torture, his body harbored parasitic worms, and his heart, he writes, was covered with a hard protective shell that made it difficult even to grieve for lost comrades.

Yet this is a story with a happy ending. Alvarez survived his ordeal with both his faith in God and country and his personal honor intact. He returned home to a hero's welcome and within a year he was again happily married. He retired from the Navy in 1980, served the Reagan Administration as deputy director of the Peace Corps and then deputy administrator of the Veterans' Administration, and now runs his own management consulting firm in Rockville, Maryland, where he lives with his wife and two teenage sons.

Two things set this book apart. One is the absence of any evidence of rancor. In tone, Alvarez seems free of bitterness toward people who gave him every cause to feel bitter. There are no angry tirades against his captors, no damning words for the woman who betrayed him, no condemnation of his sister for her high-profile involvement in the antiwar movement, of which he and most of his fellow POWs strongly disapproved. His strongest words are directed against the handful of POWs who broke ranks and collaborated with the enemy for better treatment or early release, but even those words are restrained.

The second special feature of this book is its matter-of-fact treatment of the experience of imprisonment. Alvarez does not dwell on the brutality of his captors. He spares us detailed descriptions of the tortures he endured, allowing sketches borrowed from another book to explain what he does not. He relates the misery of his condition with a detachment that robs it of its shock value. Perhaps some will think he does not communicate to the reader the full power of his experience. On the other hand, he does tell us that

Mr. Mitchell, author of Weak Link, *is a reporter for* Navy Times.

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life as a prisoner is first of all monotonous, and that even torture can become routine, losing its effectiveness as it becomes so. If we are not shocked by his experiences, it is because he is not shocked by them either. More so than many other books on the subject, this book gives the reader a sense of what it means to be imprisoned for a long time.

No doubt *Chained Eagle* benefited from the 16 years between Alvarez's release and the writing of the book. The book does not explain why he waited so long to write, but Alvarez himself provided the answer last December in a talk at the Washington Navy Yard. Not long after his release, Alvarez was approached by a literary agent from New York about writing a book. The agent escorted him from publisher to publisher, all of whom, said Alvarez, were more interested in what his country had done to him than in what he had endured at the hands of the North Vietnamese. The final straw came when he was asked by a publisher what he thought of Jane Fonda. Before he could answer, his agent warned, "Be careful—she's a good girl." He knew then the time was not right.

Now at last his story has been told, and it was well worth the wait. □

Mau-Mauing the Mau Mau

HARRY W. CROCKER

Mau Mau: An African Crucible, by Robert B. Edgerton (Free Press, 304 pp., $22.95)

When the Mau Mau rebellion made news in the mid-1950s, it was because of the barbarity of the movement: its ghoulish oath-taking ceremonies (which included drinking a mixture of blood, soil, and fecal material from a goat's intestines, the placing of one's penis in a goat's vagina, and the pledging of death to the white man) and the bloodthirsty way in which the Mau Mau hacked or burned to death innocent civilians, especially women and children.

Robert Edgerton confesses all this, but is eager to spread the blame around. He excuses the Mau Mau partly on the grounds

> that most of the rebels had little if any knowledge of European ideas about the kinds of violence that should be permissible in warfare. In traditional Kikuyu battles, older women, men, and boys were always killed; only young women and girls were spared, to be taken as captives. With this conception of combat as their cultural heritage, it is remarkable that the majority of the Mau Mau rebels showed as much restraint as they did.

That may be true, but should the Mau Mau be congratulated for *not* having raped settlers' wives? And if traditional Kikuyu culture was so barbaric, was the Mau Mau struggle for freedom and land just, or should not the more civilized Europeans have continued to rule? Are global democrats, so vocal in their support for wars of national liberation, willing to accept men (and women) like the Mau Mau? As Edgerton says, in one of his most even-handed moments:

> All of Kenya's peoples who were touched by Mau Mau showed courage, all made sacrifices and all suffered. Yet no faction, neither the rebels, nor the loyalists, nor the whites, should be glorified. They all behaved in ways that are as horrifying now as they were then, and they all fought for their own interests. . . . [But if] political freedom, economic opportunity, and social justice are laudable goals, then the rebels were laudable in ways that those who fought to defend the colonial regime were not.

But, of course, a fair modicum of political freedom, economic opportunity, and social justice *did* exist under colonial rule. Perhaps not enough, but how much freedom should one give to people capable of the Mau Mau atrocities, especially when one has to live with the results? If order, civilized values, and a hierarchical sense of liberty are worth defending, then maybe the backers of the colonial regime were laudable in ways that the Mau Mau were not.

All of which is not to deny that the defenders of order and civilized values were brutal themselves. Edgerton

Mr. Crocker is editor of Regnery Gateway.

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quotes a former officer of the Kenyan police who said of the Mau Mau:

> At first they weren't human to me, they were black animals who had done inhuman things to women and children. . . . I hated them and sometimes I wanted to kill them. A few times I did . . . [Then one] morning I realized that they'd won. I hated myself for what I was doing more than I hated them. I finally had to admit that they were brave men who believed in what they were doing more than I believed in what I was doing. I resigned and got out of Kenya as fast as I could.

That is the colonial dilemma in a nutshell: finding that brutality is necessary to defend one's position, and not having the heart to go through with it—especially as long as one has someplace like England to go home to.

For those whites—and Indians and African loyalists—who wanted to stay in Kenya, things were more difficult. Most Indians knew that a native uprising like that of the Mau Mau boded ill for their position in Kenyan society, where they enjoyed much wealth, if not social equality with the whites. The African loyalists, often moved to loyalty by a comparatively well-to-do economic position, Christian beliefs, or tribal animosity, were on the front lines. It was upon the blacks that the pressures to join or to fight the Mau Mau—and to fear retribution from the other side—were greatest. For whites, there was no safety in having a reputation for being kind-hearted and caring toward black Africans. In several celebrated instances, such people were deliberately targeted for gruesome murder: a doctor who gave free medical treatment to African children, her husband, and their son were hacked to death; Gray Arundel Leakey, the cousin of Dr. Louis Leakey, who spoke fluent Kikuyu and was a ritual blood-brother of the tribe, was taken captive, tortured, and buried alive, his feet protruding from the soil. All of this was done by rebels led by men and women who called themselves by such *noms de guerre* as General China, General Hitler, Knight Commander of the Gikuyu and Mumbi Empire, and Mother of God. It is easy enough to see why the white settlers thought they were dealing with cruel, conscienceless children—the sort who would find it amusing, as some Mau Mau did, to make British prisoners kneel while they shot at them, trying to make the bullets pass directly from the anus through the mouth.

The Mau Mau rebellion did not have much, if any, material support from outside powers, and it was eventually defeated by the British and loyalist forces. But there is no doubt that the rebellion accelerated the timetable for Britain's withdrawal and helped bring about Kenyan independence. This did not, however, enhance the Mau Mau's

RANDOM NOTES

■ Felo-de-Se Odyssey: The *New York Times* reports that Mrs. Ann Wickett Humphry, 47, has been abandoned by husband Derek, 59, apparently because she has breast cancer. Now before you conclude that Mr. H. is a heel, please consider that when this happened to his first wife in 1975, he poisoned her. So, poor man, he has some "extremely painful" memories.

Ah, you say, *that* Derek Humphry, *the* Derek Humphry, founder of the Hemlock Society. He didn't *murder* wife number one, he respected her "right to die," facilitated her "self-deliverance"; it was "an assisted suicide."

Besides, Mrs. H. (Mrs. number two, that is) has said good riddance: "I was tired of the world of death and dying."

But I wouldn't want you to think the lovely Ann is an innocent caught up in the shadow land of *seppuku*. Far from it. In 1986, you know, she assisted her mom and dad in their dual self-delivering.

Obviously, if you get a terminal illness in the Humphry household, nature will not be allowed to take its course. Oh, I suppose you don't *have* to take your own life . . . still there is, well, a kind of tradition.

All of which reminds me of a Harper & Row editorial meeting I attemded a few years back during which an editor proposed a book by Ann Wickett Humphry. "Ann would like to know," the editor said, "if we'd be willing to publish an account of her parents' forthcoming suicides."

There were thoughtful nods around the conference table. Betty Rollin's book about her mother's suicide was a recent success, and if you can publish books about animal liberation and the rights of rocks and trees (I'm not kidding), you can publish a book about what the editor called "exit preference." But I had a question.

"Excuse me, but did you say '*forthcoming* suicides'?"

"Yes," the editor replied.

"And the author wants the usual arrangement? A signed agreement? An advance against royalties?"

"Yes."

"Well," I said, "that's not a book deal; that's a contract hit."

I was imagining a scene around the breakfast table, Chez Humphry. The daughter and the son-in-law are hovering over her parents. Look, Mom, Dad, you agreed to exercise your *exit preference*, but you keep putting it off. Derek has the secobarbital tea ready, so what're you waiting for? You're old. You're sick. And *I* have a manuscript delivery date. You want Harper to pull the plug on my book?

The book, *Double Exit*, ended up "privately published" by the Hemlock Society in 1988.

■ Ecce Signum. Speaking of Harper & Row, while not a "megahouse," it does operate a number of imprints, the best being Basic Books, publisher of Michael Fumento's *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*. (See Frank Rocca's review in *NR*, Feb. 5.) Now Basic produces some elegant intellectual books, and not everything it publishes finds its way into wide distribution. Still, you would have expected Mike Fumento's *magnum opus* to be stocked by the huge Waldenbooks chain. After all, Basic is doing more publicity and no less advertising for *Myth* than for any other book it currently has out. Waldenbooks claims to have excluded it because it doubted the saleability of a "$23 health book," though its publicist admits this *how-to* categorization was just a little odd. Curiously, Waldenbooks has agreed to "track inquiries" for Fumento's book.

Fumento's controversial premise is opposed by numerous gay organizations which have the sympathy of the bookselling community. Calling *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* a "health book" is like calling *Genesis* a manual of shipbuilding. Waldenbooks did stock *And the Band Played On: Politics, People, & the AIDS Epidemic*, Randy Shilts's *sympathetic* bestseller, and it sold for $25. Is this censorship? —Brad Miner

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prestige. When Kenya gained independence in December 1963, it was largely the loyalist Africans who moved into the positions of power. Kenya's president was Jomo Kenyatta, who had spent the Mau Mau years in prison as the suspected mastermind behind the movement. After he was freed, he went out of his way to mollify white opinion, which was, naturally, hostile toward him. He also denounced the Mau Mau, saying at one point: "We are determined to have independence in peace, and we shall not allow hooligans to rule Kenya. We have no hatred toward one another. Mau Mau was a disease which has been eradicated, and must never be remembered again."

Since independence, Kenya has been something of a success story—pro-Western, relatively free, relatively successful economically. But it has had to turn back a couple of coup attempts, and it is now having to deal with the problems posed by the incredible growth of its population, which has quadrupled in thirty years. Let us hope that these new Kenyans continue to regard the Mau Mau rebellion as a dark period in their history and not as a romantic episode of heroic "freedom-fighting," as some would like. It is a tribute to Jomo Kenyatta that Kenya's motto, which he made popular, is *Harambee*—"Let's all pull together." It is a motto which should serve Kenya well in the future. □

Where the Action (Painting) Was

ERIC GIBSON

WHY WRITE THE biography of an artist? Surely the work speaks for itself? Not quite. Biographers gravitate to artists out of the belief that what artists create can only be adequately explained by studying their lives.

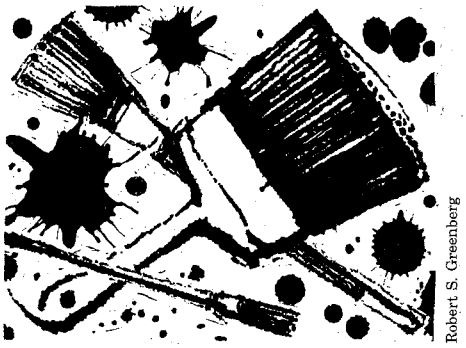
Jackson Pollock: An American Genius, by Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith (Clarkson Potter, 944 pp., $27.95)

By that rule of thumb, Jackson Pollock must be a fascinating artist indeed. Considered strictly as a painter, he certainly is. After forty years, his classic drip pictures, in which he poured pigment on the floor-bound canvas rather than apply it with a brush in the traditional manner, remain powerful enigmas, at once transparently simple and more than the sum of their parts.

But as a person? That's a different matter. Like other troubled artists, Pollock created paintings that were radiant exceptions to an otherwise ugly life. The story is a familiar one by now: the moody, insecure, but ambitious artist, so shy he can hardly bring himself to speak, so arrogant he disparages his betters, rises to the top of the heap with an important artistic breakthrough and, unable to take the celebrity or develop his insight, destroys himself through drink. As an artist Pollock is interesting; as a person he's pathetic.

There are some half-dozen biographies or biographical studies on him already in print, with more to come. The latest is surely the most complete. It is also, without a doubt, the worst, most disreputable biography of the artist to date—another example of the degraded condition of the entire genre.

Reviewing a bland life of Pollock two years ago, I cited an essay by Brian O'Doherty from *American Masters: The Voice and the Myth in Modern Art* as an example of good writing on the painter. Admittedly, O'Doherty's essay is more monographic than strictly biographical—an artist and critic, his interest lies in the relationship between public persona and finished work. What is notable in O'Doherty's view of Pollock is precisely that—it is a view.



Robert S. Greenberg

O'Doherty sees Pollock in terms of a "fusion of certain American (noble savage and frontiersman) and modern (artist-outcast) legends."

Modern art, since World War II, has been more thoroughly documented than any other period in art history. Turn to a Renaissance artist, for example, and there's a good chance of coming up with a document—a contract, a letter, a marriage certificate—that will materially alter the established view of him. This isn't true of art produced since 1940. Every phase, encounter, influence, conversation, exhibition, love affair, and more is documented almost as soon as it happens. It is remembered and passed on by generations of lovers current and past, studio assistants, dealers, critics, graduate students, academics, and hangers-on.

Now one would think that a writer's response to this overabundance of information would be to follow along the lines of someone like Brian O'Doherty, namely to try to make something out of it all. In fact, it seems to be an authors' rule in biographies of artists to avoid such a hazardous course at all costs. Instead, they follow one of two roads, sometimes both: they add even more information to the pile, thus merely enlarging on the picture of the subject; or they come up with an angle we haven't heard about, one too inconsequential to alter our existing view of the artist, but scandalous enough to ensure the book sufficient publicity and sales.

The authors of this latest Pollock biography have done both. They have packed their book with inconsequential detail, the kind of stuff that allows them to claim to have produced the most comprehensive life of the artist to date. And they have manufactured a scandal.

On the detail: is it really necessary to know that Mondrian repeatedly scratched his chin while evaluating an early Pollock for possible inclusion in a show at Peggy Guggenheim's gallery? Or that the young Pollock boys used old Sears Roebuck catalogues for toilet paper? Not only is this sort of thing superfluous, it's boring; the kind of wasteful drain on the narrative flow that leads the reader to despair of learning anything really useful about the subject, let alone of reading the book to the end.

On the "scandal": the authors have

Mr. Gibson is the art critic of the Washington Times.

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resorted to the most lurid accusation of all: that Pollock was a homosexual. It was this, rather than low self-esteem stemming from a troubled childhood (the usual explanation), that prompted his insatiable appetite for alcohol. They even have him hanging around gay bars and mysteriously being hauled off in the middle of the night, on more than one occasion, by a shadowy male cabal and raped.

This is all pretty degrading, to be sure, although in a way it comes as no surprise. Once Picasso, whose appetite for women was legendary, was tagged a homosexual (as Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington did recently), it became open season on all artists. No matter that Pollock, drunk as he was most of the time, was hardly in a position to do anything to anybody.

But there is more—or less. Inevitably with a life of Pollock, one has to somehow explain the drip technique, or at least discuss it in a way that doesn't make it sound mindless. The ability to do so amounts to a kind of litmus test for any Pollock biographer.

Naifeh and Smith fail this test miserably. They give a good enough description of the process of drip-painting (although in too much detail). When the time comes to account for its origins biographically, in terms of some episode or impulse of the subject's life, their account—and the technique—turns to farce. The source of Pollock's dripping, they tell us, was the memory of his father urinating on the flat rocks of the West in which he grew up. Ironically, this is not the first time abstract expressionism has been equated with relieving oneself.

In a series of paintings coyly entitled the *Oxidation Series*, Andy Warhol and his assistants urinated on canvas covered with a metallic ground, later exhibiting the greenish spatters as genuine abstract paintings. Warhol's intention, of course, was to mock, in the most visceral way possible, abstract-expressionist heroics, which he loathed, and the whole notion of nonobjective art, as well as to make a fool of the viewer.

Naifeh and Smith's intention isn't the same, of course, but it amounts to

RIGHT BOOKS

■ Our first responsibility in the news business is to give the reader enough facts to form his own opinions; our greatest vice is confusing our opinions with those facts. A case in point is found in *Stalin's Apologist: Walter Duranty: The* New York Times*'s Man in Moscow* (352 pp., $24.95), to be published by Oxford University Press later this month. Author S. J. Taylor spent ten years researching why Duranty, the dean of the foreign-press corps, didn't just miss the story of the greatest man-made famine ever, but actually helped cover it up.

Duranty was born in Liverpool in 1884, spent a dissolute youth in France (in part as a disciple of Aleister Crowley), and then charmed his way onto the *Times* staff just as the Great War began. In 1921, he received the choice assignment to Moscow, where he remained for twenty years, winning a Pulitzer along the way.

He avoided reporting the famine in Ukraine as long as possible, discredited others' reports (most notably Malcolm Muggeridge's), and downplayed the extent of the catastrophe when he finally did report it. Why? Mrs. Taylor suggests that his Russian mistress and their son were in effect hostages to friendly coverage. But her account of Duranty's character confirms that his instincts already leaned that way. Duranty was a charmer, a bit of a hedonist, and a confirmed elitist of the most insouciant sort. Given the choice between exposing the famine and losing the Soviet regime's goodwill, and keeping the commissars happy so he could cover more "important" stories (the ongoing Communist experiment, the march to war), he chose the latter. Besides, far from thinking the regime's role in the famine criminal (as he knew his readers in the West would), he thought the whole business a typical example of Slavic brutality—the fast track to industrialization.

This is the doubly hidden story: while his famine coverup is odious, he never even thought to *look* for the bigger story. Communist policy was as perverse in industry as in agriculture, as some legwork in the factories would have shown. Of course, if the Soviet project was simply the criminal looting of a nation rather than enormous sacrifices made for heroic progress, neither Stalin nor the man whose job it was to cover him would have seemed so important.

■ A nice antidote to the pretensions of the press, as well as an amusing survey of some neglected Americana, is *If No News, Send Rumors: Anecdotes of American Journalism* (St. Martin's Press, 318 pp., $18.95). While not capturing the essence of the trade as accurately as Waugh's *Scoop*, Stephen Bates manages to capture the arcana, the ethos, and the dubious ethics that keep otherwise sane people wedded to the business. While researching two more scholarly books on the media, he's collected a series of telling tidbits that reads rather like the first two pages of *NR*'s "The Week"—if it concentrated on the perils of journalism and the foibles of journalists. Most are too long to reproduce here, but I can offer a few samples: "when someone asked . . . owner Adolph Ochs why the [*New York Times* was devoting as much space as the tabloid *Daily News* to a grisly slaying, Ochs explained, 'If a tabloid prints that sort of thing, it's smut; but when the *New York Times* prints it, it's a sociological study.' "

On the other hand, "Cissy Patterson, owner of the *Washington Times–Herald*, once described her daily routine: 'I get up in the morning and look in the mirror and see that I'm never going to be young and pretty again, then I go down to the office and give Roosevelt hell.' "

The current furor over the Reagan diaries recalls the *Times* attack on the *Saturday Evening Post* for revealing high-level Kennedy Adminstration debates over the Cuban missile crisis: "The secrecy of the highest organs of the United States has been seriously breached. What kind of advice can the President expect to get under such circumstances? How can there be any real freedom of discussion or of dissent; how can anyone be expected to advance positions that may be politically unpopular or unprofitable?"

There's much more: the story of how George Washington managed (i.e., prevented) press coverage of the constitutional convention; a quick and dirty history of drug use by the White House press corps up through the Carter Administration scandals; tricks of the trade such as how reporters avoided harm while covering the civil-rights movement (they dressed like FBI agents). Sections on press ethics (the ultimate in tribute paid by vice to virtue) and on newsroom relations alone make the book a persuasive and amusing case for the humanity of us who claim to tell it "the way it is."

—Mark Cunningham

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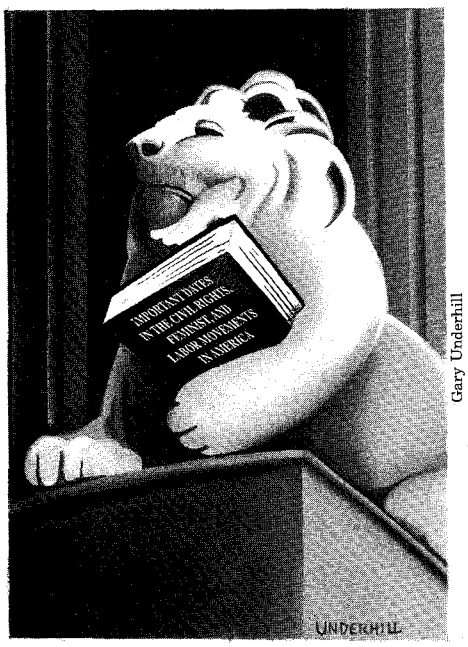
the same thing: trivializing and rendering absurd the processes of modern art, and by extension debunking modernism generally. It's the anti-intellectual's approach, the "my six-year-old child could do this" attitude expressed in a different form.

Their approach, along with the sensationalism and diligent gathering of details, shows that these two authors have nothing remotely important to say about their subject, and aren't even interested in it in any real sense. Pollock the man as the key to the artist doesn't interest them. It's his club foot they want to probe, and when they can't find one, they manufacture it. *Jackson Pollock: An American Genius* is a portrait of the artist as a buffoon. □

All the History That's Fit to Slant

LAWRENCE PERSON



Gary Underhill

AT FIRST GLANCE, the *New York Public Library Desk Reference* seems to be a valuable addition to the average reference library. Weighing in at over eight hundred pages, it claims to be a "collection of the most frequently sought information," and seems to live up to the billing. There are 26 different sections to the book, covering such diverse topics as Literature, Health, and The World, and their listings appear to be fairly comprehensive.

The New York Public Library Desk Reference (Webster's New World, 836 pp., $29.95)

On second glance, the *NYPLDR* still looks good, albeit with a significant amount of overlap with the *World Almanac*, a more comprehensive (and less expensive) resource, especially in such categories as the Constitution, the Academy Awards, Countries of the World, etc. Still, there are a number of things the *NYPLDR* has that the Almanac doesn't, such as a listing of Greek and Roman deities, charts of the semaphore, manual, and Braille alphabets, the various symbols used in mathematics, physics, pharmacology, and so on.

However, upon *third* glance, some of those listings start to appear highly suspect, the most disturbing being the "Important Dates in American History" section. After a few minutes of reading, it becomes quite apparent that there is a distinct slant to the entries. Take the list for 1981, for example, which reads: "Iran releases 52 American hostages held 444 days; 100,000 protest U.S. intervention in El Salvador; Sandra Day O'Connor is appointed the first woman Supreme Court Justice; 11,500 air-traffic controllers strike and are fired by President Reagan; the first reusable spacecraft, the shuttle *Columbia*, completes its two-day mission."

Whoa, wait a minute. Didn't we miss a few important events in here? Such as the assassination attempt against President Reagan, and the largest tax cut in the nation's history? Both events quite rightly manage to make the list in the *1990 World Almanac*, which, in addition to giving specific dates, notes that the air controllers' strike was illegal and omits any mention of the El Salvador protest.

The *NYPLDR*'s mention of this particular protest seems somewhat arbitrary until you notice that it seems to mention *every* left-leaning protest or march that occurs. Just one year ear-

Mr. Person's work has appeared in Reason *and* Texas Review.

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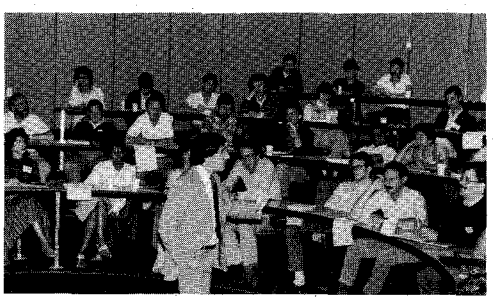
—Mary Saucier, W. Roxbury, Mass.



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lier, it notes that "Thirty thousand people march on Washington against draft registration; fifty thousand march in Chicago for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment," while ignoring such minor events as, say, Ronald Reagan's landslide victory, Mount St. Helen's eruption, the hostage rescue attempt, or even John Lennon's assassination.

The more you read of the *NYPLDR*'s version of things, the more it appears that that particular section should be titled "Important Dates in the Civil-Rights, Feminist, and Labor Movements in America, with Some Side Notes on American History." In 1915, for example, the sinking of the *Lusitania* was not deemed to merit mention, though a suffrage march of 25,000 and the founding of "The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom" were. Likewise, we find listings for the founding of The International Ladies Garment Workers Union in 1900, the "Bread and Roses" strike of ten thousand textile workers in 1912, and the founding of the American Communist Party in 1919, but not the breakup of Standard Oil (1911), nor an influenza epidemic that killed five hundred thousand (1918), nor the first transatlantic airplane flight (1919). And some of the events that *are* listed seem to be peculiarly tilted. The Haymarket riot, for example, becomes the "Haymarket Square Massacre."

But the most conspicuous example of bias is the various birth dates sprinkled throughout the text. "1893—NAACP leader Walter White is born"; "1818—Lucy Stone, feminist theorist, is born"; "Mary McLeod Bethune, black educator and activist, is born." All well and good, but what about Ernest Hemingway? John C. Calhoun? Frank Lloyd Wright? Thomas Edison? Their birth dates do not seem to merit mention, nor does any American President's. We get Eleanor Roosevelt's birthday, but not her husband's (after all, he only served four terms . . .). Indeed, the *NYPLDR* is so heavily slanted that beyond John Brown (1800) I find only a single birth reference that applies to that infamous creature, the white male: "1912—folk singer Woody Guthrie is born." (And Irving Berlin? George Gershwin? Aaron Copland? . . .)

And occasionally the data are just plain *wrong*. For example, in 1987, we learn that "Robert Bork is nominated by President Reagan to the Supreme Court but withdraws in the face of strong opposition." Huh? Funny, I was under the impression that Bork's nomination went to the Senate floor and was rejected. And, sure enough, the *1990 World Almanac* confirms my delusions.

Save for the Bork listing, there is nothing in the "Important Dates" that I would object to within the context of a much longer and more comprehensive list. Outside that context, however, this list represents only the skewed perspective of the compiler's narrow political interests. There are hints of editorial bias in other parts of the book as well, such as a listing of unsafe chemical additives from the highly partisan Center for Science in the Public Interest.

While it is true that the sections in question make up only a small fraction of the entire book, their presence, like rotten meat used in a stew, taints the rest of the contents. If the biased sections were removed or revised, the *NYPLDR* would make a useful and eclectic reference source. However, as it stands now, the book brings into question not only the objectivity of the New York Public Library, but also the quality of its employees. □

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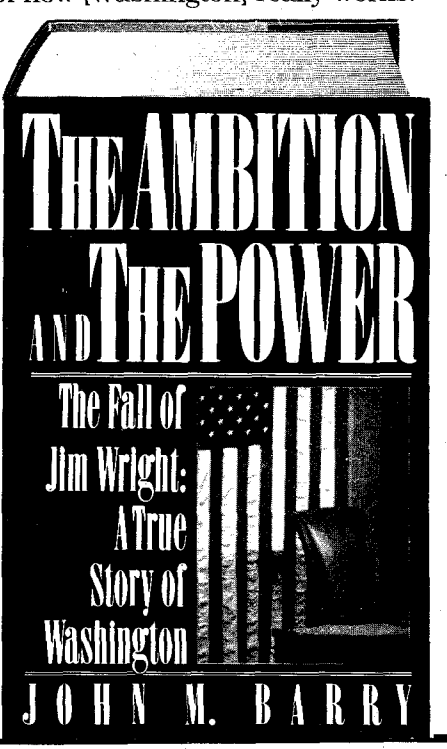

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FILM

Swords and Bullets

JOHN SIMON

THERE IS such a thing as revisionist filmmaking: a movie that strains, kicking and screaming, to be different from what it is recycling. The process holds obvious pitfalls, but the ***Henry the Fifth*** that Kenneth Branagh has adapted and directed, with himself starred, avoids many of them. It takes great temerity to compete with Laurence Olivier's masterly *Henry V*, but with the brashness of youth, the arrogance of a rising actor-manager, and the luck of the Irish (Ulster division), Branagh has dived in, swallowed a few mouthfuls of salt water, and kept afloat.

If Olivier started his version with the recreation of the Elizabethan playhouse in which *Henry V* is being performed, Branagh begins with a film studio in which it is being filmed. This is shaky, because starting with Shakespeare's "wooden O" is to begin appropriately at the beginning; a film studio, however, is more of a destination than a point of departure. Olivier's Chorus was Leslie Banks, a magnificent actor, in period costume, able to lead us seamlessly from the Globe to the realms of ostensible reality. Branagh's Chorus is Derek Jacobi, a very good actor, in modern dress, in which he remains throughout, walking through the film and creating a questionable alienation effect.

But this does clue us in to what Branagh is trying to do: a deconstruction of Olivier's movie, Shakespeare's play, and history itself. Olivier, you see, made his film in 1944, when Britain was in the throes of war and needed moral uplift: a sense that its sufferings had not been in vain. So the film was a glorification, a piece of propaganda (but, then, so is the play), and it was entirely right that a touch of the golden legend should mingle with that touch of Harry in the night. Agincourt was a battle fought in storybook sunlight, sparkling colors, and more panoply than agony.

Branagh, however, made his movie in a time of relative peace, loathing for war, and skepticism about patriotism, however artistically presented. Hence the battles are fought in rain and muck, in ghastly hugger-mugger, with scant heroics, and no glamor whatever. This, of course, is not a novelty; ever since Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* and Orson Welles's *Chimes at Midnight* (or *Falstaff*), specimens of demystification or deglamorization have abounded. But Branagh knows how to deflate with style, how to make cutting down to size as exciting as epic idealization.

Yet, in so doing, he deconstructs not only Olivier and Shakespeare, but also, I repeat, history itself. When the longbows of the English release a singing tapestry into the heavens, they also explain history; when the arming of the French knights becomes the ultimate costume party, the gaudiest horse opera, it happens to tell truthfully why the French lost. When, in this revision, the English arrows wobble forth in hit-or-miss fashion, when confused hacking away creates a chaotic charnel house, we get no sense of strategy, no awareness of who won and why. And then to hear the reckoning of the huge French losses and minimal English ones is to lose faith in the furor that preceded it. If you are going to throw out the baby, at least don't splash us with the bathwater.

Nevertheless, Branagh's film accomplishes a good deal that is both original and believable in the scenes that Shakespeare meant to be depressing but couldn't, even as Olivier wouldn't, show in full detail. There is the death of Falstaff and the conspiracy of Cambridge, the hanging of Bardolph and Henry's carrying the dead Boy across the battlefield in a long sequence without any cutting. So, too, Henry in disguise, mingling with his men on the eve of battle, undergoes a genuine ordeal rather than merely playing a charming royal prank.

The main difference between the Branagh and Olivier versions, however, lies in the protagonists themselves and in the actors playing them. Olivier, even with his funny medieval haircut, was handsome, poetic-looking; like the historic Henry, though not in the same way, Branagh is not. Tow-headed and whey-faced, a bit chubby even, Branagh can show us leadership as a hard-won personal achievement, rather than, as with Olivier, the divine right of kings and movie stars. As Sally Beauman rightly remarked, Olivier "made many savage cuts, and removed from the hero's mind almost every doubt, and from his path almost every obstacle."

So Branagh's version, taken in conjunction with Olivier's—the two should be alternating on the same screen—acts not only as a gratuitous

NOW SHOWING

Born on the Fourth of July was directed by the unlikable Oliver Stone, yet it is a gripping, unrelenting, and extremely powerful work. Its shortcomings evaporate from memory; its strengths are indelible. Tom Cruise is intense, searching, and altogether impressive as the bitter vet Ron Kovic, who turns from clean-cut hawk into hirsute hippie war protestor.

Crimes and Misdemeanors aboards grave and painful questions of the kind the American cinema does its damnedest to avoid. It is, I think, Woody Allen's first successful blending of comedy and drama, and is distinguished by its technical savvy.

Enemies: A Love Story strives relentlessly to combine sex with metaphysics. Regrettably, it crumbles, but Lena Olin is unforgettable as carnality incarnate.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

My Left Foot is a good, strong, unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. As Christy Brown, Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

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deconstruction but also as a useful corrective. Although William Walton's score for Olivier was better than Pat Doyle's for Branagh, Kenneth MacMillan's cinematography for the latter is, in its antithetical way, as good as Robert Krasker's for the former. And though there were spectacular performances in the Olivier, there are roughly comparable ones in the Branagh. Brian Blessed is a fleshly monument of an Exeter, Judi Dench a pungently gutsy Mistress Quickly, Robert Stephens a wrenching Pistol, Christian Bale a winning Boy, Paul Scofield a nobly careworn French king.

There is fine work, too, from Richard Bryers, Alec McCowen, and a number of others, and, astoundingly, the Mountjoy (French messenger) of Christopher Ravenscroft manages to be as brilliant as Ralph Truman was, maybe even more so. Ian Holm, a good Fluellen, is perhaps goaded into giving an overripe performance, and is made rather too much of—perhaps Branagh is doing his bit to stop Wales from seceding. And there is no way Michael Maloney's Dauphin and Richard Eaton's Constable can equal Max Adrian's and Leo Genn's, respectively.

But it's a bloody good—or good and bloody—showing all the same. Branagh has directed almost as skillfully as Olivier, and his education of a king says a good deal to all of us who have to assume responsibility by learning it the hard way, on the job, in the dirt.

■ When a new movie, not based on Shakespeare, addresses episodes from the American Civil War, and has most of the trappings of a historical document, adherence to history becomes more of a desideratum. ***Glory*** concerns the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry and its role in the Civil War, which was to prove that black men could fight as well as white ones, and that black regiments were necessary for the North to win.

It is understandable that Kevin Jarre, the screenwriter, took some liberties in the interest of drama, but there are (as those knowing more about the subject have pointed out to me) excessive fabrications here. The direction by Edward Zwick, a TV director (*thirtysomething*, of all things!), is not bad, but depends on too many clichés or near-clichés. Still, some of the battle sequences, both at Antietam and in the 54th's climactic assault on

Michael Newton

Ft. Wagner outside Charleston (which, even at the cost of nearly half the regiment, did not fall), are effective, possibly because Zwick studied two other Civil War films—John Huston's *The Red Badge of Courage* and Robert Enrico's *Au Coeur de la vie*—both of them better than *Glory*.

But what makes *Glory* very much worth watching is the performances. Matthew Broderick plays the young Boston Brahmin, Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who led the 54th and fell at the attack on Ft. Wagner. He is not ideally cast, since neither in sound nor in bearing does he suggest knowing beans about Boston Brahmins; but he does try hard to be as far removed as possible from his usual smart-alec, modern, New York self, and there is something appealing about the effort. The film's true distinction, though, comes from a quartet of black actors obliged to play, not merely black but also, weirder yet, white stereotypes.

Denzel Washington is Trip, the proud, cynical, white-hating runaway slave; you just know that he will be "redeemed" before gloriously dying. The part is the most anachronistic of the four: a streetwise, scornful ghetto black, and Washington plays him for full contemporary relevance. But the performance has such clenched intensity, such primeval wariness about it that it becomes a kind of histrionic emancipation proclamation, soaring well above the scenarist's clichés. As an ex-grave-digger turned grave noncom, and the moderating influence on Trip, Morgan Freeman gives yet another one of his performances mingling quiet strength with wry canniness (not unlike his Hoke in *Driving Miss Daisy*), and the sheer economy of his acting is a streamlined joy.

Splendid, too, is Andre Braugher as a highly educated, intellectual Northern black, who grew up as a friend of Shaw's and now finds himself in no-man's-land: no longer allowed to fraternize with white officers, and mistrusted by his fellow black soldiers. Braugher conveys the emotional quicksand, the nervous exhaustion of Searles with such delicacy as to make us forget the basic ahistoricity of the character. Finally, Jihmi Kennedy plays Sharts, a likable yokel with intense country piety and a mild stutter, and turns what might be pure platitude into the pepper of the earth.

Yet what's good is not only individual performances, but also and especially the interaction of these four. There is a give-and-take, a fierce complementariness as of a sports team, letting us see consummate ensemble acting as one of the prime expressions of co-operation in a world lacerated by dissension. Add to this the work of the veteran British cinematographer Freddie Francis, a triumph of *celare artem*—things never look merely beautiful, they look believable, involving, inevitable, and therefore impressive—and you have a movie that surpasses its artistic shortcomings into something long on humanity. □

MUSIC

Simon Barere

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

LISTENING TO THE new issues of studio recordings left behind by some of the fabled pianists of two generations ago, one wonders where the craft of pianism took its wrong turn. When I was born, there were students of Franz Liszt still active on the recital circuit, and with them the Romantic Tradition was still in full throat. A young outfit in England (Archive Piano Recordings, Box 57, Horsham, West Sussex RH13 7YZ) has

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been retrieving the old master recordings from the studio files and dubbing from rare survivors of commercial releases in order to bring out a series of complete discographies of some of those heroic figures. So far, APR has brought out albums of the playing of Moritz Rosenthal (then in his seventies, but still wonderful in many ways), Benno Moisewitsch ("a revelation!" cried my old piano teacher, hearing his recording of the Rachmaninoff transcription of the "Scherzo" from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*), Leopold Godowsky ("the Buddha"), and now Simon Barere, perhaps the most volcanic of all.

Born in Odessa in 1896, Barere is said by some accounts to have supported his large family when little more than a child by playing in clubs and taverns around town. At the age of 15 he entered the St. Petersburg Conservatory. The Communists took over the country when he was 21. He was graduated at the age of 23, winning the Rubinstein (Anton, not Artur) prize and a professorship at the Kiev Conservatory. He was 33 before he was permitted to emigrate from the Workers' Paradise. He settled in Berlin just as Hitler was consolidating his sway over what had been Europe's most civilized nation. He removed to London in 1934, made a great splash with his debut recital, and was invited to make the recordings we now have, done in the years 1934–1936. Hitler waxed great and mighty, and Barere moved again, this time to America the Beautiful, and here he established the remainder of his career. But the Second World War paralyzed such things, and by 1950, the older pianists of his generation safely out to pasture, Barere was ready to claim his own. In April of 1951 he sat down in Carnegie Hall to play the *Grief* concerto. Scarcely into the first movement, he fell off his piano stool, dead from a cerebral hemorrhage.

Olin Downes, the *New York Times* critic, covered that event, and found himself writing an obituary:

> There was no more modest, studious, and sincere artist. Others sought the limelight more aggressively. Mr. Barere was concerned with only one thing, the humble service of music. He had a prodigious repertory, a prodigious technique. It may be added that he was a prodigious musician, which is not necessarily the same thing. His knowledge was such that many pianists, great and small, sought his counsel as coach and teacher. He leaves not only a great but an enviable reputation behind him.

Mr. Downes's successor, Harold Schonberg, sought to diminish Barere's gifts. In his book *The Great Pianists* (1963), he refers to Barere at one point as merely a "workman," and in his major mention says, "Barere was a virtuoso-plus: not one of the remarkable musical minds, but a playing mechanism [mechanism!] startling for speed, accuracy, and disregard of difficulties. Barere, too, had a fine, colorful tone. The harder the music—*Don Juan Fantasy*, *Islamey*—the more Barere reveled in it, and the faster he played it." Period.

It is the playing that one must judge for oneself. If one understands and enjoys the Romantic Tradition in pianistic performance, then here is glory enough. In a recorded performance of Liszt, Chopin, Balakirev, Blumenfeld (his teacher, and also the teacher of Horowitz), Glazunov, Scriabin, Godowsky transcriptions or paraphrases, and Schumann, he gives the listener everything the piano is capable of. Passagework flies by so fast, even without pedal, that the effect is an iridescence of sound. The ferocity of the Tradition is omnipresent: subtle slow passages are interrupted by the shrieks of hawks, love poems are intercepted by artillery and bolts of lightning, moods change within a fraction of a second, everything is freedom of rhythm and texture and emotion, nothing can be predicted, all is up for grabs, the world is unsafe for spinsters. This is musical violence.

Most of the time—and here I obtrude an opinion—the Tradition works. But in the smaller pieces, as in the Chopin waltz, it may be that the lion has gestured too grandly whilst pouncing on a salon mouse. I understand what he intended, or think I do: to string together a disparate bunch of melodies on a constantly glittering carrier wave. But the musical structure of Chopin's little narration doesn't seem (to me) to support such grandiosity. It is a miscalculation on Barere's part, but a wondrous one anyway. No one can play those connective passages better.

Speaking of mere playing—that is, technique—I set the metronome a-going while he was dashing through Schumann's Toccata, and caught him doing 144 to the quarter-note. In that score, for the standard thematic passage, this means he is playing 33.6 notes per second. They are all as clear as a bell. In my score the recommended speed is 100. But at a certain point one must admire the ferocity, the truculence, the heroism, the grandiosity, the theatricality, the dramaturgy of such a performance. Catch me if you can! I can whip any kid in town!

This is, of course, glorious excess. But we've had our years of minimalism in art and ethics, and a healthy blowout might feel good. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 M	2 B	3 J		4 D	5 L	6 E	7 P	8 W	9 A		10 F	11 M	12 H	13 C	14 U		15 I	16 D	17 B		18 R
19 C	20 K	21 J		22 O	23 L		24 N	25 Q	26 S		27 C	28 F	29 M	30 I	31 A	32 B		33 G	34 L	35 D	36 C
	37 J	38 P	39 R		40 U	41 W	42 I	43 M	44 G	45 B		46 H	47 P	48 O	49 L	50 A	51 Q	52 J		53 U	54 K
	55 C	56 V	57 S	58 R	59 Q	60 O	61 N	62 M	63 G	64 D	65 C	66 B	67 F		68 A	69 U	70 I	71 E		72 J	73 C
74 N	75 M	76 K	77 W	78 B		79 L	80 G	81 Q	82 J		83 C	84 T	85 V	86 R		87 W	88 M	89 O	90 L	91 I	92 H
93 Q	94 U	95 B	96 P		97 S	98 K	99 A	100W	101E	102F	103D		104M		105G	106V	107U	108P	109T	110O	
111D	112F	113A	114M	115N	116K	117W		118I	119Q	120B	121F		122D	123R	124L	125V	126U		127P	128T	129E
	130H	131J	132E	133Q	134O	135L	136B	137C		138Q	139H		140B	141O	142L	143R	144S	145C	146F		147J
148C		149E	150S	151D	152H		153F	154P		155R		156E	157D	158J	159A	160M	161H	162C	163G	164I	165K
	166N	167F		168U	169T	170N	171C	172P	173F	174E	175H	176K	177G	178V	179I	180D	181O	182J	183M	184A	

DEFINITIONS

A. Where the poker player might wait? — 99 184 9 113 31 159 50 68

B. Like most *Post* stories — 66 120 17 32 140 136 95 45 2 78

C. Resoluteness of purpose — 55 36 162 145 27 83 19 171 73 148 / 65 13 137

D. BSA member (2 words) — 157 122 35 151 103 4 111 16 180 64

E. Film critic — 174 132 6 101 129 149 71 156

F. Resident of a city in West Austria — 121 28 112 102 153 10 146 67 173 167

G. Obtain — 63 105 80 163 33 177 44

H. Bushy tailed rodent — 139 130 161 12 175 92 46 152

I. Dear Abby subject — 179 30 42 91 118 164 70 15

J. Educational institution — 131 82 182 158 3 72 21 147 37 52

K. Ribs the tailor! — 165 98 176 76 116 20 54

L. One kind of camp — 34 142 90 124 49 79 135 5 23

M. Conclusion — 62 88 104 160 43 29 114 1 75 183 / 11

N. Pull out of the ground — 170 74 115 61 166 24

O. John Wayne movie, with "The" — 89 141 22 48 134 60 110 181

P. What the laughing tailor was in! — 108 172 7 127 47 38 154 96

Q. Ulster resident — 138 59 119 133 25 51 81 93

R. Boxer — 155 86 123 18 58 143 39

S. Possessive pronoun — 57 144 26 150 97

T. Buckeye land — 84 128 109 169

U. Boxing result — 126 94 168 107 40 53 69 14

V. Stood — 125 106 178 85 56

W. Colorful fever — 117 8 77 100 41 87

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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The Socialist Infrastructure

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7

Democracy-nuts, please note. Before the end of May, there will be elections: in the Soviet Union (city, district, and republic legislatures, this month and next). "Newly institutionalized political structures," to use the language of Leon Aron, a Sovietologist with the Heritage Foundation, "will be in place in key independence-minded ethnic republics following popular elections: in Lithuania on Feb 24; Moldavia, Feb 25; the Ukraine, March 4; Latvia and Estonia, March 18; and Georgia, March 25. And then there will be popular elections in Hungary, Rumania, East Germany, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia."

Now by the end of May, the politics of the Soviet Union and of Eastern Europe will be unrecognizable. But the political impact of these elections to one side, it is illusionary to suppose that in that space of time it will be possible to exorcise a generation of socialism. Not only because habits die hard, but because socialism is very much with us.

Mr. Len Karpinsky is a Communist Party member but also a prominent columnist for the liberal weekly, *Moscow News*. David Remnick of the *Washington Post* quotes his reaction to the speech by Gorbachev calling for the democratization of the political system: The idea is "a romantic mistake." He explains: "The heart of the party, its reformers and leaders, cannot just decide to pick up and leave behind a huge apparatus which still has a grip on every position you can imagine. The most important process is destroying the objective link between the party and administrative power, the bureaucrats who are innately conservative and who have no interest in change." The same day a report from Bucharest tells of the anxious confusion at a huge twenty-thousand-worker engine and heavy-machinery plant. How will they deal with choice, they wonder. One woman was quoted on the new situation in Rumania: "Before, we had one party. Now every party has an opinion. That is what worries me."

While Mr. Gorbachev is attempting to do something to free up Soviet energy so that *perestroika* can produce something besides political freedom for Eastern Europe—like, oh, shoes, soap, fuel, shelter—the bastion of capitalism in the world is considering a bill sponsored by a Republican senator which would turn over the care of pre-school-age children to federally subsidized agencies. That Orrin Hatch of Utah should conceive of such a plan at a time when the Euro-Asian land mass cries out for privatization suggests the narrowing of the distance between the polarities. Communism classically defined—the end of human conflict and therefore the advent of the stateless society—is as dead as the Ham and Eggs Movement. Socialism that calls for the nationalization of industries and payments based on giving to each according to his need is dead.

But so is the doctrine of subsidiarity dead, and that is a pity. That doctrine, enunciated by Pope Leo XIII in 1891, was considered at the time a radical revision of the liberal individualism that characterized American society. The doctrine of subsidiarity acknowledges the role of the state, but does so most cautiously. It holds that no activity that can be performed by the private sector should be undertaken by the public sector. And held that no higher echelon of the public sector should undertake any enterprise that can be performed by a lower echelon of the public sector. By that standard, the Federal Government shouldn't undertake something that the individual states can do; and the states shouldn't undertake something that the cities or the counties can do. The notion that Washington, D.C., has to devise and to finance plans for looking after Johnnie and Mabel while their mother goes to work in Spokane, Washington, is the American equivalent of what Mr. Karpinsky is talking about when he says that the huge bureaucratic apparatus in the Soviet Union is the beginning of Soviet political reality. In America, the welfare state is king. A federal plan for looking after little children while their parents are working: one needs to repeat that over and over again, to wonder what ever happened to the doctrine of subsidiarity, let alone the Ninth and Tenth Amendments, which left to the states those responsibilities not specifically delegated to the Congress.

The point of the sermon is that socialism is in the air. It is welcome that its extreme forms are being so eloquently resisted by brave men and women, from Berlin to the Urals. But the infrastructure of socialism is everywhere, and no scheduled election one hears of is designed to uproot it. □

Are There Good Guys And Bad Guys Left?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9

The progressively popular new line about events in the Soviet Union is that there isn't anything we can do one way or another to accelerate or decelerate what's happening. That is substantially true, but by no means conclusively so. We could, for instance, stir up a dangerous Great Russian nationalist xenophobia by making the wrong moves, or even by saying the wrong things. But let that pass for the moment.

What catches the attention is a creeping historical egalitarianism. Some observers have become so enthusiastic about what Mr. Gorbachev is doing that they tend to blame us for its not having happened earlier, and that is enough to boil the blood.

Maureen Dowd of the *New York Times* (she is one of the ablest and funniest reporters in Christendom, if you will pardon the expression) writes about "Watching History from Washington: Awe as Soviet Party Yields Power." And pretty soon she gets to Peggy Noonan, identified as "the speechwriter for Ronald Reagan who wrote many of the former President's most biting Evil Empire denunciations." "We may (says Miss Noonan) have exhausted our capacity for surprise and delight when we watched children in Tiananmen Square quoting Jefferson and children in East Germany taking pickaxes to the Berlin Wall as East German guards smiled for the camera." Miss Dowd goes on to comment that "Wednesday symbolized for many people in this self-absorbed capital, the sense that Washington is more and more a bystander to world events rather than a player."

But now get this. Back to Noonan: "The imperial city of Washington has been taken aback by history because it

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thinks that it must help the world turn on its axis . . . Perhaps it's salutary to know that the world can change without our permission or encouragement."

A nice metaphor, but a nation that thirty years ago worried about hanging on to Quemoy and Matsu, twenty years ago worried about preserving the freedom of a small Indochinese nation, goes to the brink of despair trying to bring back 52 State Department employees from the clutches of a Muslim fanatic, has been going crazy for eight years trying to do something about Nicaragua—hardly has got around to thinking that God waits for Washington to wind the clock every day.

The commentary goes on. "In political circles, where strategists are accustomed to promoting the notion of good versus evil, the news was discombobulating. The Soviets, the terifying presence in all those James Bond films and Ronald Reagan speeches, seemed to be trying to kick the traces of their Evil Empire image. 'It's disorientating,' Miss Noonan said, 'because it's hard to know who to assign the evil role to.' "

Now that is gag-time.

It is one thing to applaud the changes Mr. Gorbachev has licensed, and to pray to the God whose existence he denies, that these changes will take organic shape and that some day we cold-warriors can safely fade away. It is something entirely different to suppose that the dazzling changes in the Soviet Union cast doubt on who is to blame for the nightmare of the past seventy years. Only a few days ago, the Soviet Union acknowledged—for the first time—that it was responsible for a famine beginning in 1932 that claimed more Ukrainian lives than Hitler claimed Jewish lives. There is no way to extirpate the memory of that, an act that was the product of a system to which Gorbachev continues to swear allegiance. The millions who died awful, painful, lonely deaths in Gulag, or spent years in Soviet dungeons for the least infraction against Soviet orthodoxy are not made to have lived painless lives because we think now to wonder out loud "who to assign the evil role to." What was evil about American diplomacy was its inability to mobilize more quickly, to prompt more efficaciously, an end to the awful suffering brought on by the dogmatists, whose influence has not ended (only a few weeks ago, Zimbabwe declared itself a Marxist–Leninist state).

God help Gorbachev. But here is a quote that casts light on the question. It is from the last paragraph of James Burnham's *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, published in 1949: "The defeat of Communism, probable on the facts, is also *inevitable*, because there are enough determined men in the world—and their number daily grows—who have so resolved. The knowledge and intelligence, which enter into the synthesis of politics, are still needed in order to make that defeat as fruitful as possible a victory, as sparing as possible of blood and treasure. But the issue is no longer in doubt. Doubt is vanquished by the act of will which makes the decision. The future becomes servant, not master." □

Viva the Porter Plan

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21

Congressman John Porter makes a suggestion so cogent it is almost bound to be ignored in the current dispute over Social Security. A line of argument was raised several weeks ago by Senator Moynihan. His provocative point is that the surplus in Social Security funds now being taken in by the rise in Social Security payments oughtn't to go into the general budget, distorting the picture.

His reasoning is mathematically easy to understand: that as this money is paid in by the working population, liabilities are being born down the line. But since the money we take in we are not setting aside but merely proceeding to spend, we ought to give it back to the people who are paying it in. But of course the problem here is that to do so would be to increase the deficit by $60 billion. Moreover, if we were to do so, we would bump into Gramm–Rudman. In recent days, doing so would not greatly have intimidated congressional liberals because they knew such a thing would not be permitted to happen under a Republican Administration, for the reason that Gramm–Rudman specifies that if the deficit exceeds the permitted amount, expenditures must be subtracted, *pari passu*, from defense and non-defense spending. Since (this is how the liberals had reasoned) Presidents Reagan and Bush would be hysterical at the prospect of one less tank, they would not permit this eventuality. But the reduction in the press of cold-war obligations suddenly confronts the spendthrifts with the real possibility that some of their favorite social programs would suffer in the event the deficit increased by such a maneuver as Senator Moynihan's.

Along comes Mr. Porter to suggest a plan that is simple and instantly endearing. He reasons: The United States must make good on its Social Security obligations. Let us assume that next year we will pay out $250 billion in Social Security. But that we are bringing in $300 billion. Instead of just spending that extra $50 billion—and there is no way to keep from spending it if it remains in federal hands—return it to the taxpayer, but do so under specified terms, namely, the taxpayer must set up a retirement fund in his own name (Mr. Porter calls it the Individual Social Security Retirement Account—ISSRA); that fund can invest as it chooses to do so, within limitations set by law; and that fund then of course is the retiree's to use, at retirement time. Mr. Porter calculates that if this idea were put into practice by the middle of the next century, there would be no Social Security payments necessary other than to the individual accounts: the ISSRA's would shelter all the funds necessary to discharge full Social Security obligations.

The advantages of this alternative are numerous. For one thing, we would have genuine savings. As the ISSRA's increased in size, which they would do at a furious rate during the next few years, until the Baby-boomers hit, they provide much-needed capital. If, for instance, the law permitted the ISSRA owner to invest in carefully qualified equities, we would have a source of recapitalization that would release other capital to finance non–blue chip enterprises. The central intuition of Congressman Porter is of course absolutely correct: As long as the money is technically in the hands of the government, it is going to be spent.

To be sure, that leaves us with the problem of coping with the increased deficit resulting from the use of the surplus Social Security funds going into private retirement accounts. There are many hands out for whatever "peace dividend" we are scheduled to bask in. Well, that is a problem, even as the budget deficit is a problem, and in any case is a problem which existing law demands be solved by 1992 when Social Security payments go off-budget. But it is not a problem that should overshadow genuine reform, which Mr. Porter's plan is. The notion of a privately owned retirement fund is a great step in the evolution of the Social Security system which some are old enough to remember was instituted as an insurance against poverty, not as a general old-age-maintenance policy. Still, it has evolved in that direction, and ought to be managed sensibly, yielding among other things the fruits of savings employed not in government spending, but in private enterprise. □

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OFF THE RECORD

■ Oh Biden, where is thy sting? After remarkably civil treatment by the Senate Judiciary Committee, Clarence Thomas sailed through his confirmation hearings for the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals here in Washington. Judge Thomas—it is safe to use that term now—took the seat vacated by Robert Bork and thus moved closer to a Supreme Court nomination that will doubtless come when Justice Marshall's body goes the way of his mind.

Of course, that a man of Mr. Thomas's caliber has to vindicate himself before a jury including Senators Biden and Kennedy says something about the curious state of our nominating process. To make matters worse, the Administration delayed his actual nomination until months after his name had been floated, giving Thomas's enemies time to gear up. Flush with their victory over Bill Lucas, Bush's pick for civil-rights chief, the Left was set to pounce on Mr. Thomas.

The difference this time was that the Right got out front and stayed out front, setting the terms of the debate. The Landmark Legal Foundation Center for Civil Rights came out with a 14-page paper on Mr. Lucas's record, leaving no doubt of his qualifications. The American Conservative Union kept the pressure on; National Right to Work and National Right to Life helped rally the troops. The Free Congress Foundation and the Coalitions for America did yeoman's work starting in August when the issue first came up. In particular, the former's personal profile of Mr. Thomas in *The Family, Law, and Democracy Report* made it impossible to depict the nominee as some kind of civil-rights ogre.

Other factors contributed. The campaign for Mr. Thomas picked up two key Democratic supporters in Senators Sam Nunn (Ga.) and Chuck Robb (Va.). The *Wall Street Journal*'s publication of the absurdly detailed request for information from Mr. Thomas helped foil any plans for a Biden Inquisition, and the White House waged what one activist called a successful "low-intensity conflict," with John Mackey at Justice and Lee Liberman in C. Boyden Gray's office providing critical help. Whether this would have been enough had the Democrats decided to make it Bork II is another question altogether.

Ironically, one of the more creative tools was the bar charts produced by Tom Jipping of Save America's Youth. Mr. Jipping took statistics from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and produced charts showing the number of cases filed and resolved under Mr. Thomas's stint as chief. As his source he listed the EEOC, whence the figures had come. What a nice surprise it must have been to see these same charts appear months later in a *Washington Post* curtain-raiser just before the hearings were to begin—faithfully attributed to the EEOC.

■ Meanwhile, Senators Biden and Kennedy's comrades in the House were up to other mischief—and getting help from unlikely Republicans. Over the last few months Cato has been generally critical of Minority Leader Bob Michel (Ill.) and generally supportive of Minority Whip Newt Gingrich (Ga.). But this time it was Mr. Gingrich who was off the reservation and Mr. Michel who came charging in on the white steed.

The subject is the National Voters Registration Act, a monstrous scam known as the "Motor Voters" Registration Act because it would require the states' motor-vehicles registration authorities to move into the business of registering voters too. Other provisions would open up voter registration to agencies from libraries to unemployment offices, and would include a mail-in program. Sponsored by Speaker Tom Foley and Representative Bill Thomas (R., Cal.), it was endorsed by Mr. Gingrich, whose argument is that any effort to get new voters benefits Republicans. It passed the House with 240 Democratic votes.

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In a floor speech Mr. Michel pointed out the potential for abuse. For example, choosing exactly which agencies and areas would have registration centers would be a process open to all manner of political chicanery, depending on whether they are urban-welfare offices or rural hunting license bureaus. Mail registration alone would create huge verification problems and revive the art of ballot-box stuffing. If nothing else, Democratic eagerness for such legislation ought to warn reformers off. As one Republican staffer puts it, "240 Democrats can't be wrong." How about it, Newt?

■ And last, conspiracy theorists are delighted to confirm long-held suspicions that the Vatican's Pontifical Academy for Science is in fact none other than the House Democratic Caucus. A few months back the Academy held a conference ostensibly to discuss development in light of the Pope's encyclical on the subject, *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis*. A number of "experts" from around the world came, including the director general of the IMF, the vice president for operations of the World Bank, the president of the Inter-American Development Bank, the Soviet who heads up the Institute of Economics of the World Socialist System—and Julian Simon, the U.S. economist who debunks the zero-sum mentality and argues that human beings are the key to economic growth, a view one might have thought congenial to a faith whose social teachings start from the *imago dei*. Nevertheless, upon arrival Professor Simon found that his was the only pre-submitted paper that had not been distributed, and rumors have reached Cato of a sort of whispering campaign against it. When questioned Vatican sources took refuge in the same neither-confirm-nor-deny policy that works so well at the CIA. And you thought *Congress* was unaccountable.

—CATO

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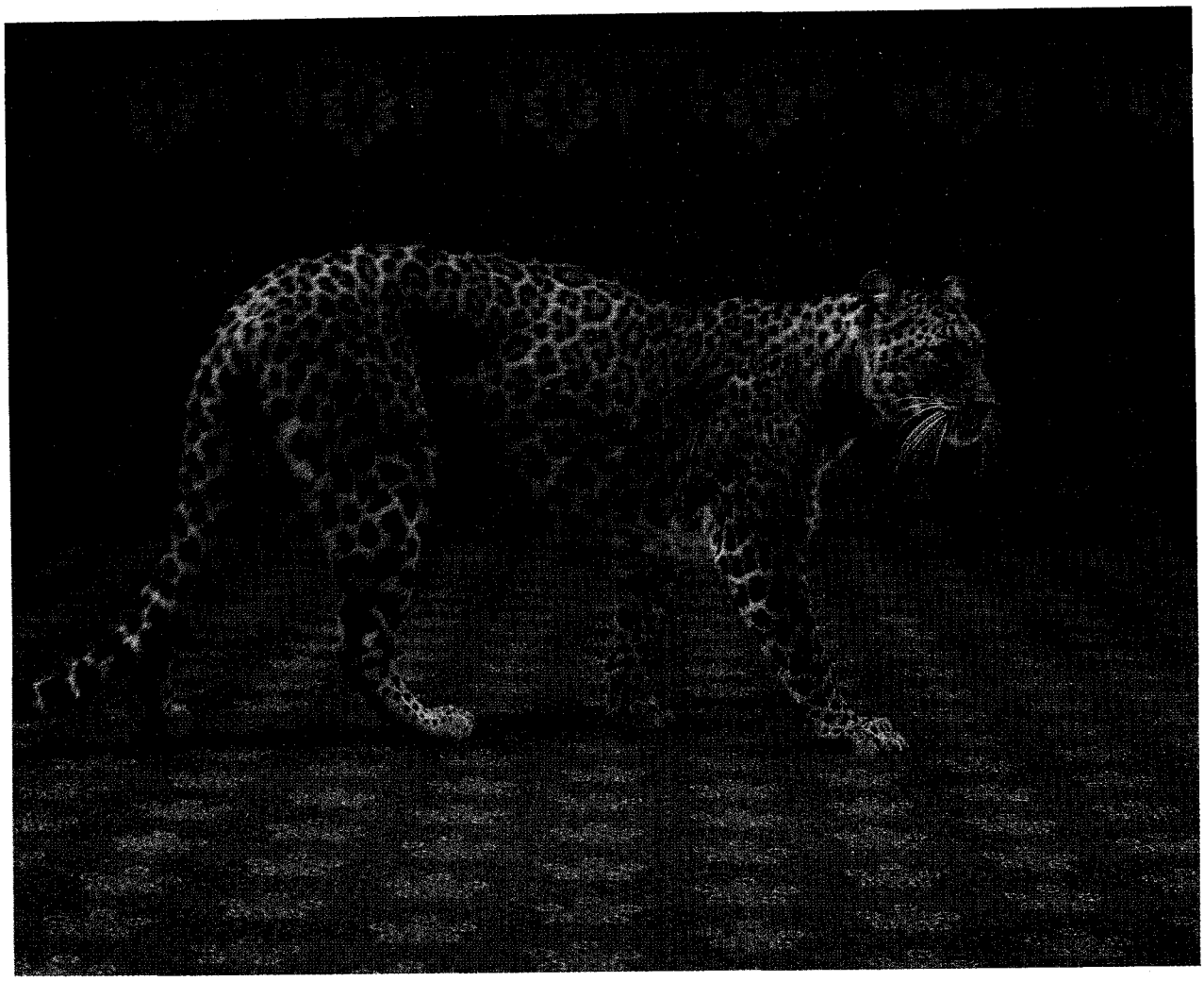

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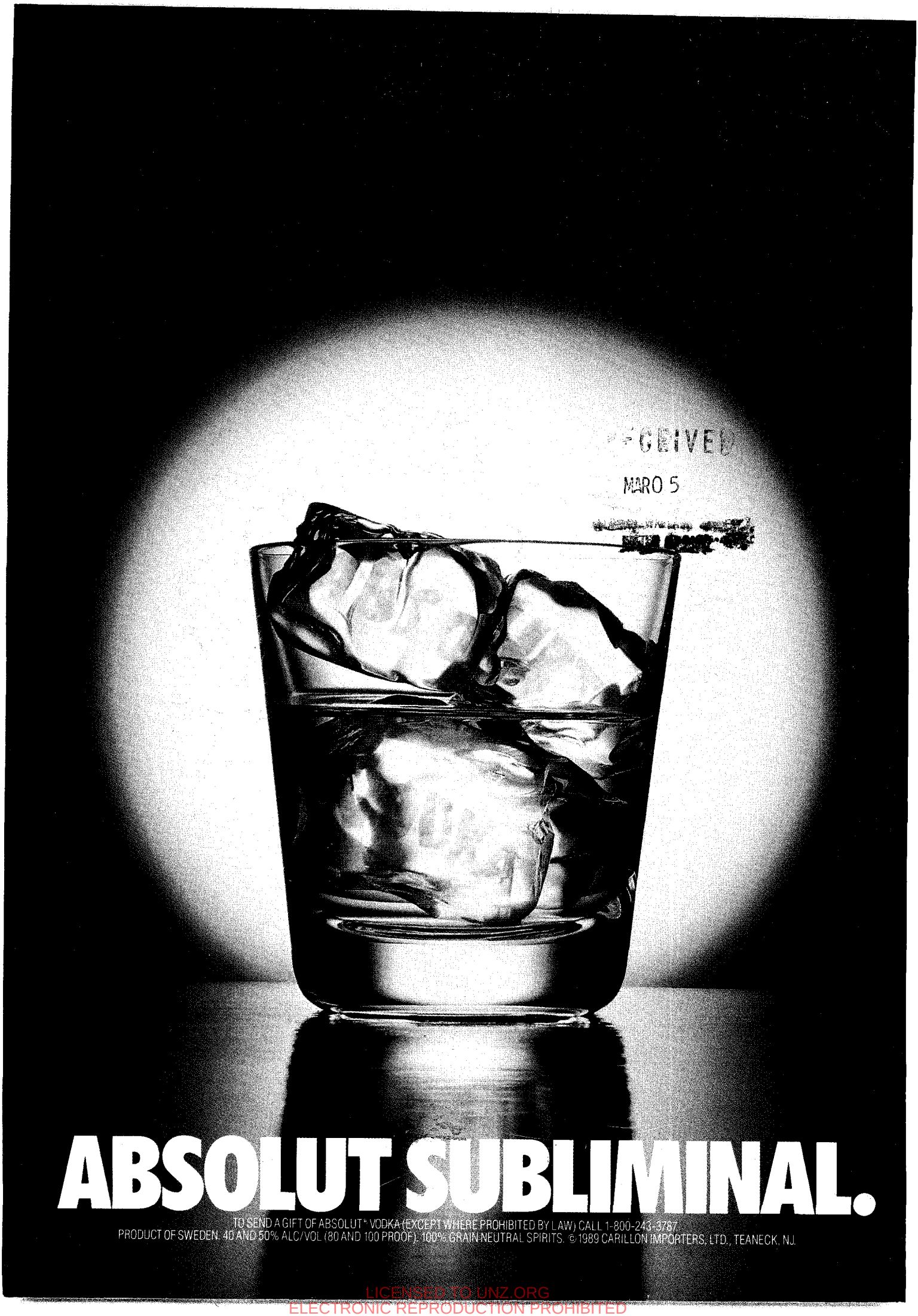
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